ASTRO AND COMMUNISM

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THE REPORT

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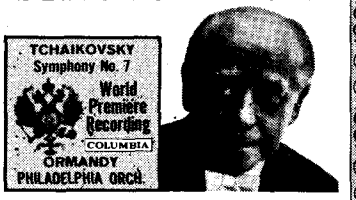

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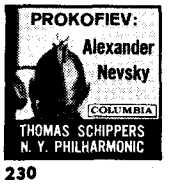

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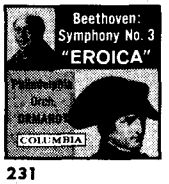

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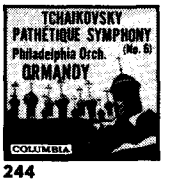

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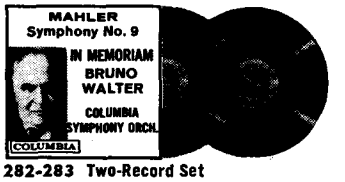
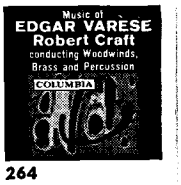


282-283 Two-Record Set

278



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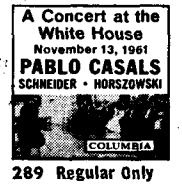
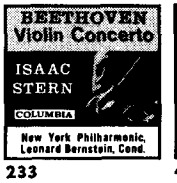


289 Regular Only



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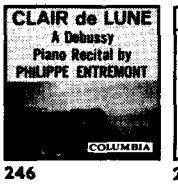

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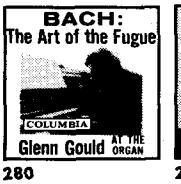

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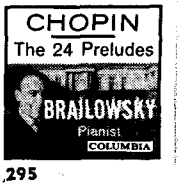

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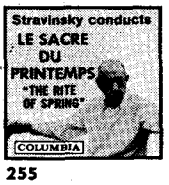

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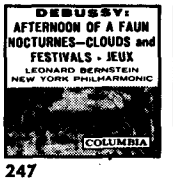

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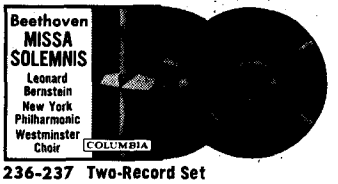

236-237 Two-Record Set

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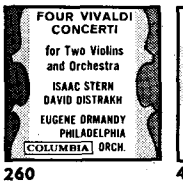

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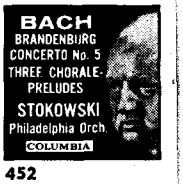

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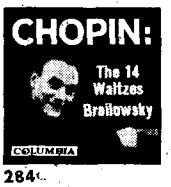

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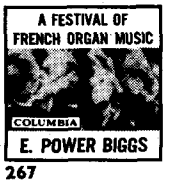

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291-292 Two-Record Set

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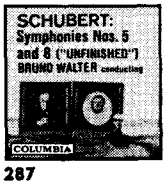

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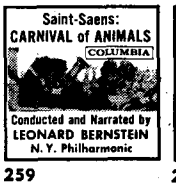

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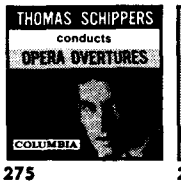

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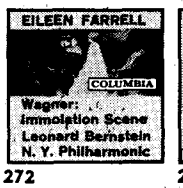

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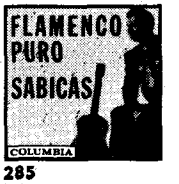

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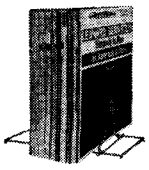

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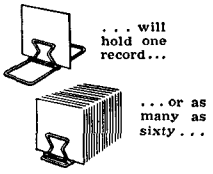

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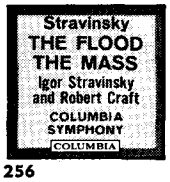

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458 Regular Only

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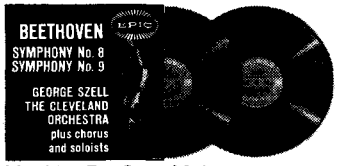

234-235 Two-Record Set

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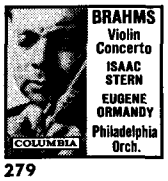

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252

281

456 (Stereo version is electronically re-channeled)

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You may accept the monthly Classical selection . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine . . . or take no record in any particular month.

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NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

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Name.....
(Please Print)

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City.....ZONE.....State.....

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CANADA: prices slightly higher; 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ont.

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Dealer's Name and Address.....338

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2 SEND MY SIX RECORDS AND ALL FUTURE SELECTIONS IN (check one)

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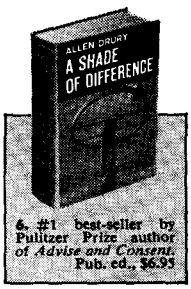

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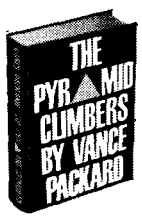

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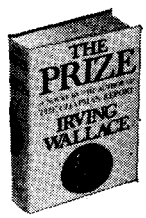

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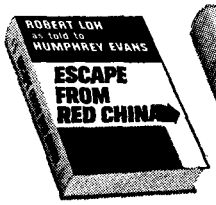

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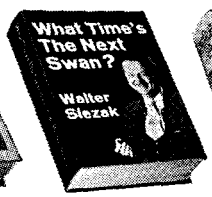

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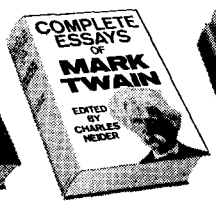

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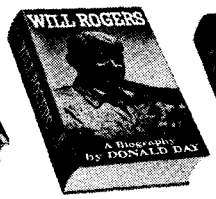

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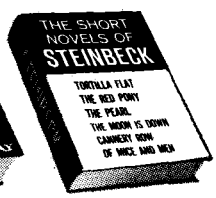

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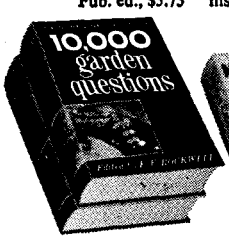

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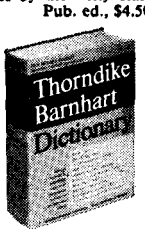

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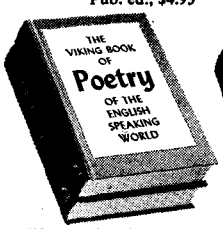

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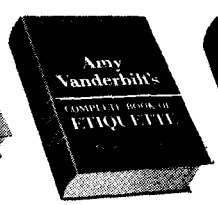

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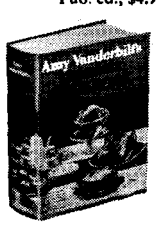

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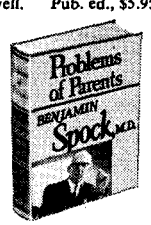

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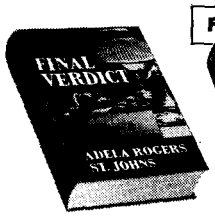

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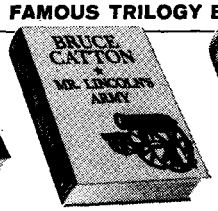

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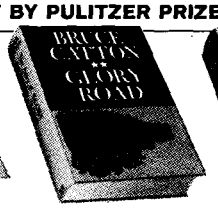

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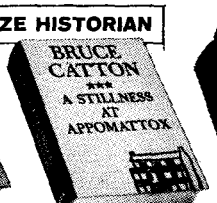

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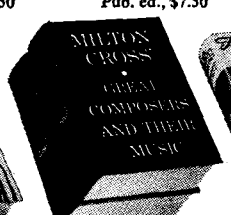

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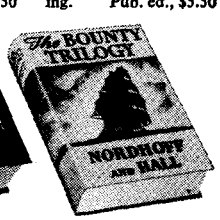

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

EVEN IN Mississippi it happens: there is a stirring in some of the Negro communities where the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have remained for so long dormant. But laws just do not work by themselves—otherwise the disregard for the two post-Civil War Amendments would not have become so hardened in Mississippi. Young men have come from outside and worked with other young men who are as ready to try their chance and exercise their citizenship as James Meredith was when he asked for registration at the state university. We all know how much outside help Meredith needed and what a test of endurance he is still going through. **Barbara Carter,** a member of our staff, spent some weeks in Mississippi studying the affairs of that state. Her report is that of a writer who has seen people and situations with her own eyes and arrived at her own conclusions on the basis of evidence.

THERE HAVE BEEN great events on the international scene, or rather, we should say, on the interallied scene. Our closest ally, Great Britain —so close as to make the leaders of other allied nations suspicious and jealous—was certainly dealt a heavy blow when the Kennedy administration decided to scrap the Skybolt missile. Yet there was no rejoicing in Europe over the humiliation Britain suffered, and the major nations of the Continent, which are still keeping Britain in the waiting room of the Common Market, felt no tendency to gloat. On the whole, Europe reacted with singular solidarity on both sides of the Channel. The Nassau meeting between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan was intended to patch things up. **Edmond Taylor's** conclusion is: let's hope it has succeeded, but there is a long way to go before the cloudy agreement can become really, as the saying goes, operational. . . . Only two and a half years ago, Capitol Hill could have been called Johnsonland. Now that Lyndon Johnson has been Vice-President for a couple of years we don't hear much about him. We hasten to add, however, that the same has been said about his predecessors. **Ward S. Just** discusses the incumbent. . . . The New York newspaper strike has brought some novelty into the routine of our lives, and we are talking not only about people in our trade. We no longer get all our news in one long sitting with the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. But the troubles of the newspaper writers are really hard. One man's view of the problems and the anguish of the newspaper writer who also belongs to the Guild is given by **Milton Bracker** of the New York *Times*.

We have seldom published lengthy essays—and only when both the subject and the writer have justified them. This is eminently the case with Castro and Communism as subject and **Theodore Draper** as writer. Castro is a colossal nuisance and his alliance with powers committed to the destruction of our political order has made him into a menace—not to us, of course, but to the other nations of the hemisphere. He is too close for comfort and he has no thought that is not antagonistic and inimical to us. Therefore we need to keep a constant watch on what he is doing. The analysis of a historian like Mr. Draper, the author of *Castro's Revolution* (Praeger) and the leading authority in the field, can be of great importance in the correct understanding of our enemy.

Lois Phillips Hudson is the author of *The Bones of Plenty* (Little, Brown). . . . **George Steiner** is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* and *The Death of Tragedy* (both published by Knopf). . . . The writings of professional boxers are usually not much talked about. **Gouverneur Paulding** discusses a boxing match between professional writers that unfortunately was. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is an English writer living in New York.

Our cover for this issue is by **Rocco Negro.**

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We can see it and feel it in our own business. There is an aliveness in the day's work and in the research and the planning. The welcome necessities of growth are upon us and spur us on.

We have added 26,000,000 Bell telephones in the last ten years to meet the public's needs; a tremendous job in so short a time. The total is now 66,000,000. Some day, as population grows, it will be 100,000,000 and even more.

More service...More employment

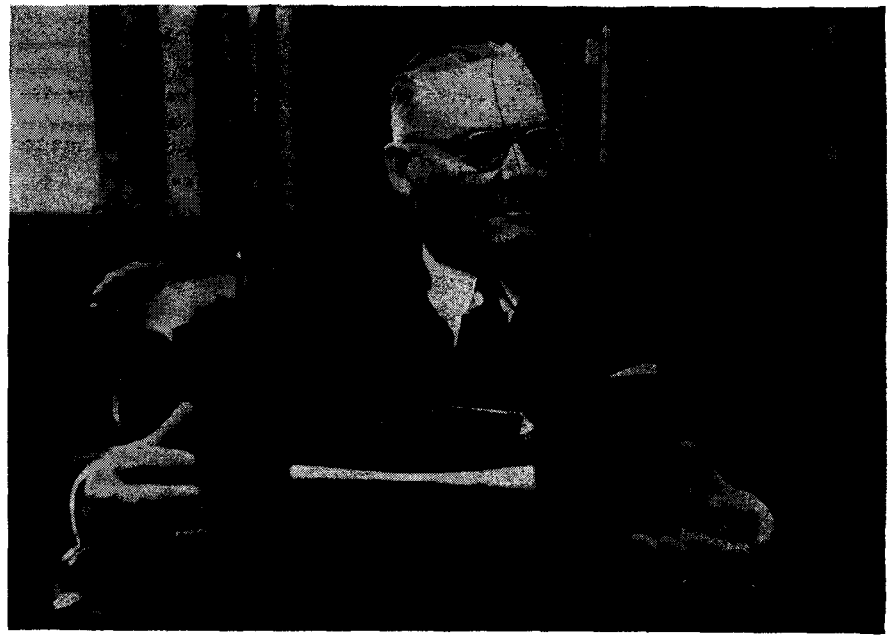
The 1963 program will not only bring benefits to all who use the telephone but will provide thousands of jobs both inside and outside the Bell System. We'll be buying from tens of thousands of other businesses.

Many exciting new things are here or on the way, from the just begun to the nearly done.

The Telstar satellite and the new ocean cables are just parts of a new era in world-wide communications in which the Bell System has a leadership role.

Telstar is a first for our country, and has won world-wide admiration and respect. It has gone around the earth many hundreds of times, with two-way transmission of telephone calls, TV and radio programs, movies, etc.

A few months ago it relayed business-machine-type data across the Atlantic at nearly 1,500,000 words a minute. This is an example of the almost incredible speeds that new developments are putting into many forms of telephonic communication.



"Surely, the course of America is upward."

New buried cable for defense

A project of special importance at this time is a new underground cable system from coast to coast. It is being built to supplement present networks and withstand any nuclear blast except a direct hit. It's already over one-third completed.

We aren't sitting back or resting on our oars. You wouldn't think much of us if we did. And we wouldn't think much of ourselves. We know what is needed and we're going right to it.

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By building for the future, we are making an important contribution to the country's over-all economic welfare right now.

We go forward in this new year with a renewed resolve to serve the public and the nation in every possible way.

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THE INNER SOVEREIGNTY

To the Editor: It has been one of your outstanding achievements, as the publisher of a great liberal magazine, to have awakened many liberals to the price paid in the coin of human dignity and freedom for concessions to Soviet imperialism. Reading your "Christmas, 1962" editorial of December 20, however, I wondered whether you had not gone so far as to make the dangerous and erroneous assumption of the radical Right, namely that Communism is the source of all evil in the world today.

You call on us, quite rightly, to remember the people of Cuba at Christmas, and there are ringing denunciations of Communism's suppression of the spiritual life. Do you not think, however, that there are other brutal isms in the world today, other peoples worth our remembrance?—the inhabitants of Spanish and Portuguese "provinces" in Africa, not to mention their fellow citizens in Europe; subjects of some of the tin-horn dictators of the New Africa; the Negroes of South Africa. Within our own hemisphere, one has heard that Haiti, Paraguay, and certain Central American states are not exactly models of liberal democracy. And if one can regret the absence—I almost, erroneously, said "passing"—in Cuba of "an order of things where the sovereignty of the individual's inner life is somehow respected," what on earth can one say about the Negroes of Mississippi? Communism or no Communism, I doubt that any Cuban has had to plumb the depths of degradation of the Messrs. Kennard and Meredith, so magnificently reported by your magazine. Should not they also be remembered?

PETER W. AMBLER
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Thank you for your editorial in the December 20 issue. It is a long time since it has been my privilege to see as much said and as well said in as few words.

JUDGE A. J. BOLINGER
Probate and Magistrate Courts
Versailles, Missouri

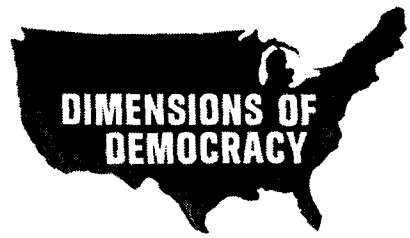
To the Editor: Your editorial "Christmas, 1962" was a brilliantly stated assessment of our situation at the end of this year and of the path we must follow in the difficult years that still lie ahead.

JOHN BELLAMY
Miami

A GROWING ACCEPTANCE

To the Editor: Jane Krieger Rosen's "A Visit to Ole Miss" (*The Reporter*, December 20) illuminates some facets of the situation here but it also contains some misleading statements.

Mr. Meredith now walks around the campus a good deal of the time with no visible guards, although there is



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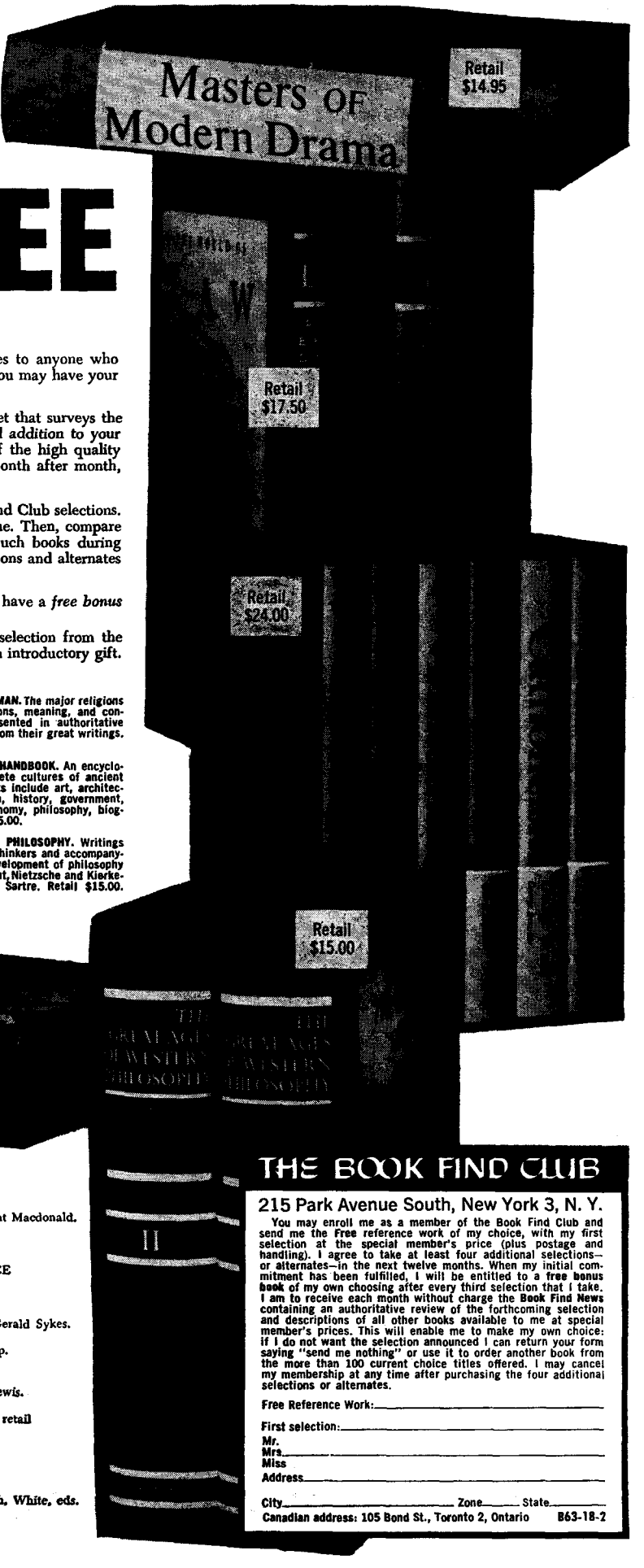

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usually some kind of guard within a hundred yards or so. There is almost no danger any more, but this guarding is insurance against the remote possibility that some nut might try to harm him. The number of students who might seriously consider this is extremely small, and there may be none who would be willing to do it.

It is ridiculous to say that "He hasn't one friend in the student body." He has many, although most are graduate students. It is also wrong to say, "No students have dined with Meredith lately and those who nod at him are paying for it." Students have dined with him during the past month and there has been no action against them. It would now be more correct to say that he is surrounded by a wall of indifference than by a wall of hate, although there is no doubt some of the latter. There is a growing pattern of acceptance of Meredith's presence on the campus.

It is regrettable that Mrs. Rosen's impression about Meredith's treatment in his classes had to be gained from a single class. His acceptance by students in his classes has been one of the bright spots in the picture from the very beginning. She noted that students "straggled" into class. My observation is that they "straggle" in here to about the same degree as they do at Harvard or at Berkeley.

On the matter of grades it is not correct to say, "But practically every one on the campus seems to know that Meredith is not doing very well." In fact they know very little about how he is doing, and at mid-term about half of the students are "not doing very well" as Mrs. Rosen uses the phrase. It is no business of the press or the public to know how he is doing, or how any other particular student is doing. No one will know how any student is "doing" in any real sense until the final grades are in, since later semester examinations and the final exam determine more than half of the semester grades.

Mrs. Rosen's article included a good deal of valuable reporting, but the situation here is so complex and subject to such rapid change that a brief visit is not enough.

Russell H. Barrett
Professor of Political Science
University of Mississippi
Oxford

BRITAIN AND EUROPE

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's article on Britain and the Common Market ("British Politics in the Shadow of Europe," *The Reporter*, December 20) is most interesting and I am impressed by the author's wide knowledge of the different aspects of the subject.

Louis Scheyven
The Ambassador of Belgium
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's article on British politics and the Common

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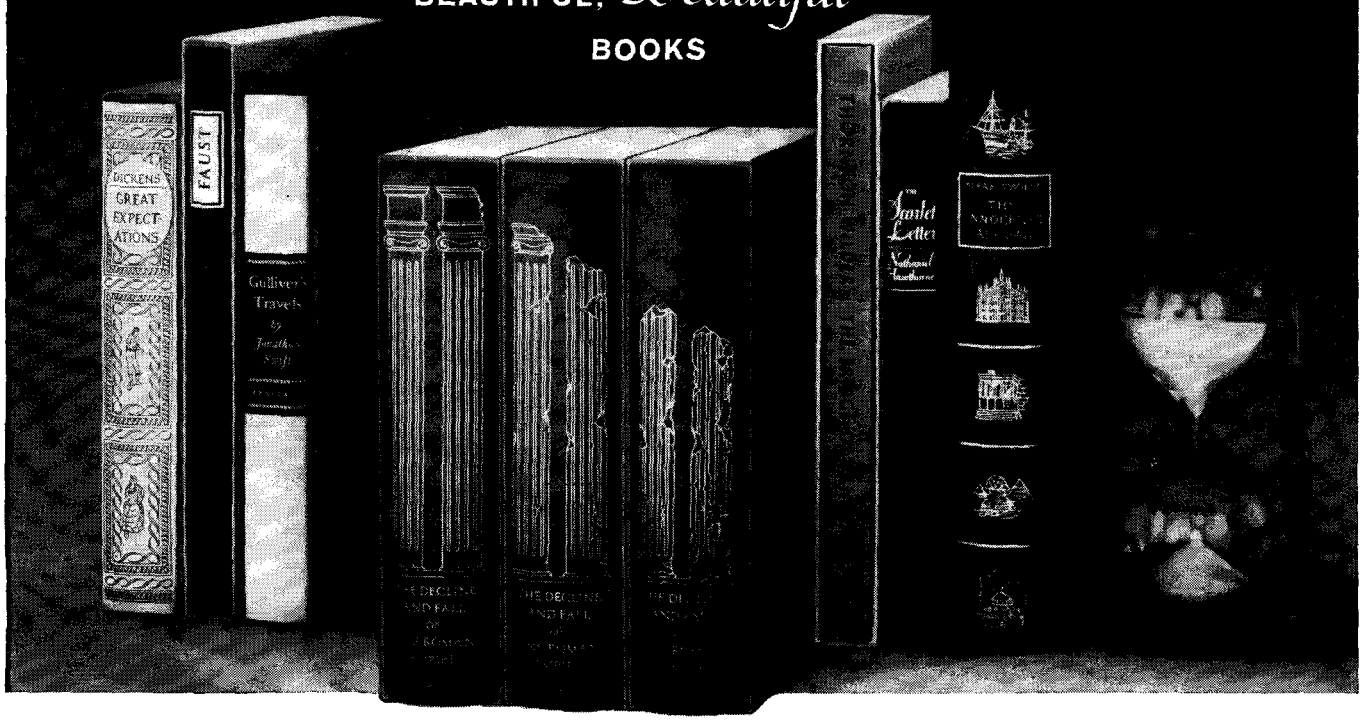

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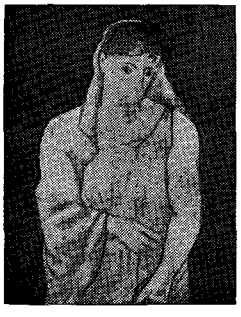

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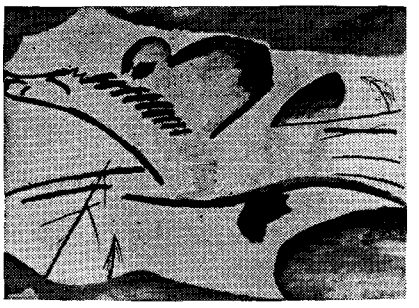

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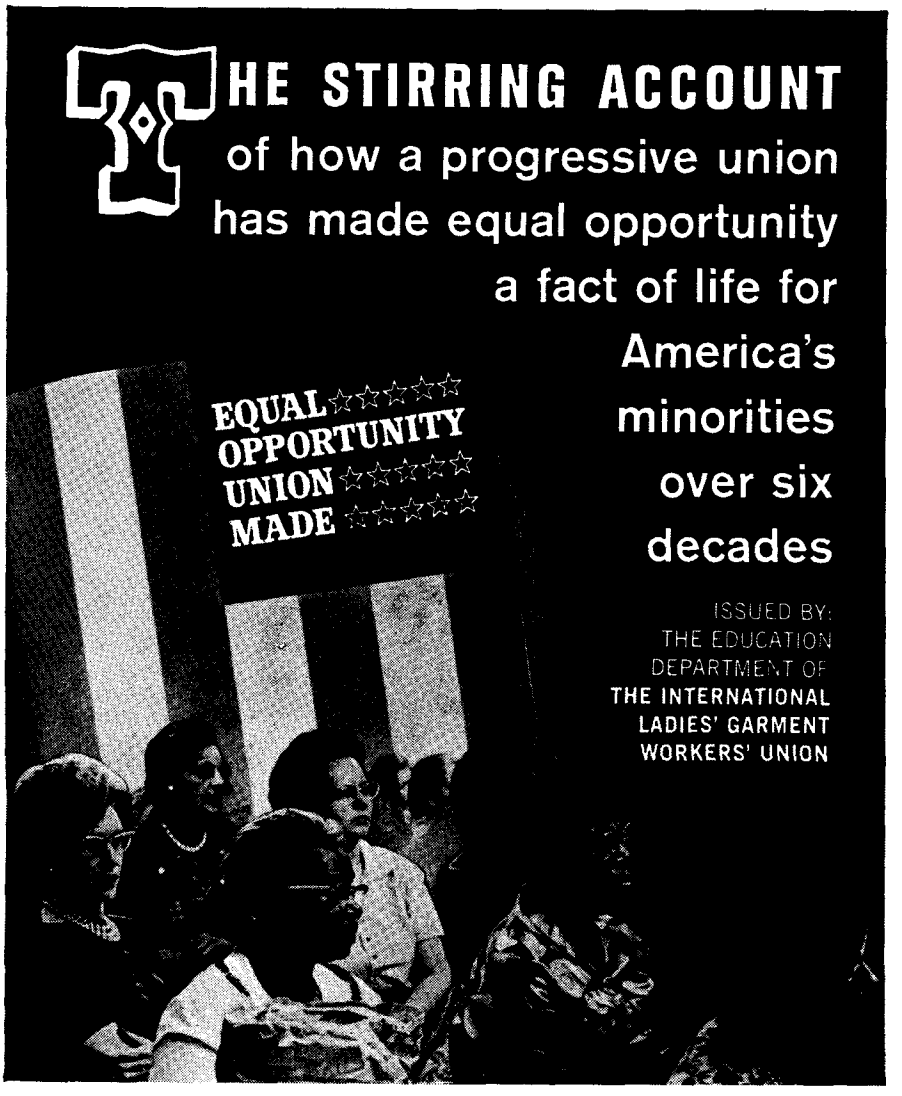
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Market showed little comprehension of the true political situation in Britain on this issue. Having missed the opportunity of joining at the inception in 1958, which incidentally was advocated by the Liberal Party, the Conservatives now see entry into the Common Market as the only way to rescue their rapidly sinking political fortunes. The "youthful optimism" of the Conservative conference was, I fear, merely an enthusiasm for political expediency. The position of the leaders of the Labour Party has been consistently that Britain should join the Six under suitable conditions. Mr. Gaitskell does not believe that these conditions are being met at the Brussels negotiations, and the passage of time appears to be proving him right.

It is absurd to suggest that Gaitskell's speech undermined the position of Mr. Heath, the chief British negotiator. His recent difficulties have arisen principally from the immoderate enthusiasm of the Llandudno Conservative Party conference, which has led the French, in particular, to believe that Britain will enter under any terms and to stiffen their conditions accordingly. This tactical error has become clear to the British government, as recent speeches by Conservative ministers about alternatives to the Common Market indicate, but awareness may have come too late.

A. R. MACKINTOSH
Ames, Iowa

DER SPIEGEL

To the Editor: George Bailey's "The Spiegel Affair: A Distorting Mirror" (*The Reporter*, December 6) tries to leave the following impressions: that *Der Spiegel* is a nasty neutralist magazine that finally got what was coming to it; that the Adenauer government's action was justified and correct in principle, but marred by bad luck and poor planning in the lower echelons; and that the public outcry in Germany is really a reflection of political uncertainties stemming from the East-West division and not the result of a democratic concern over limitations on freedom of the press.

Der Spiegel is not a nice magazine, but the evidence your article adduces against it is shaky at best. It was Mr. Bailey, after all, who pointed out that neutralism is irrelevant to the controversy, since the *Spiegel* article that led to the arrests of its publisher and some of its editors was in part a plea for larger and better-prepared conventional German armed forces. Similar criticisms of defense strategy in U.S. publications do not cause controversy about the right to discuss such issues.

The public outcry in Germany appears to be an overdue reaction to the authoritarian methods of certain cabinet ministers and the deliberate disregard of democratic procedures at the highest levels.

PAUL B. HUBER
New Haven

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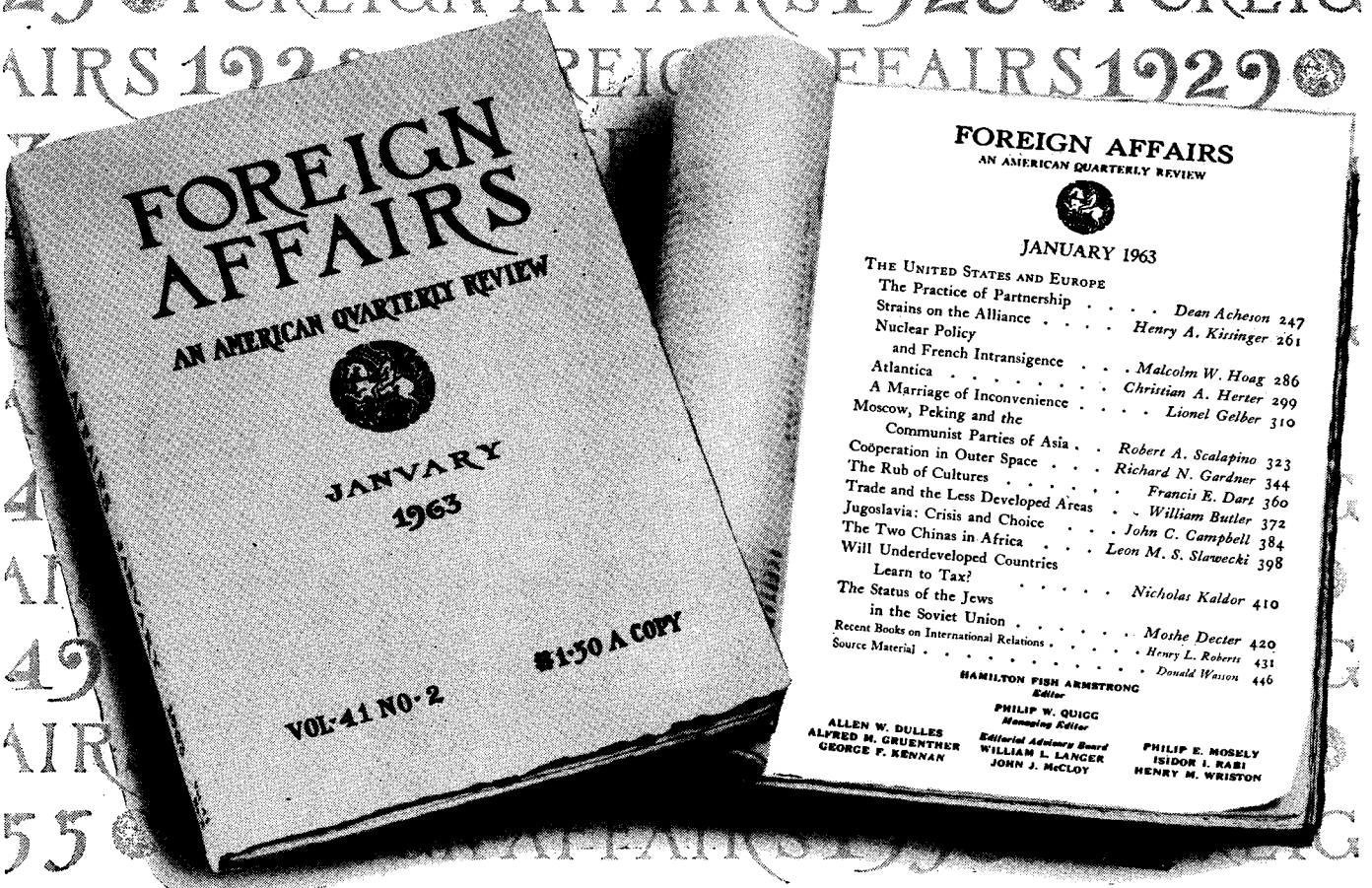
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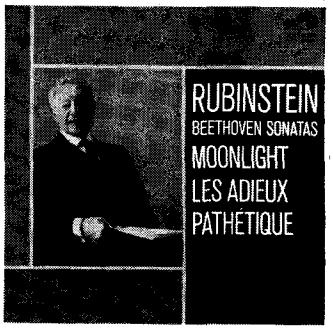

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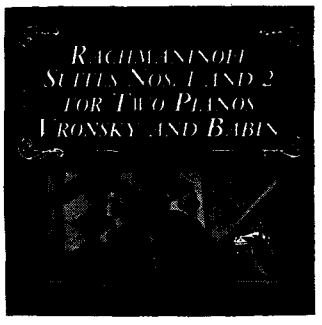

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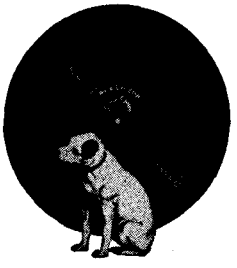

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Skybolt Affair

The President has been reported to feel that the scrapping of the Skybolt and the offer of Polaris to Great Britain was a sound technical decision and not a political one. But at the same time the Nassau agreement with Prime Minister Macmillan has been hailed by U.S. spokesmen as a historic step toward Atlantic partnership. The European reaction, ranging from cool to hostile, has been said to bewilder and anger our officials.

This difference in approach is at the heart of the problems of the Atlantic Alliance. Partnership is not furthered by a unilateral act that forces our closest ally to recast its entire military establishment without previous consultation. Nuclear strategy for NATO is not primarily a technical but a political problem. It is imperative to know the sequence of events that led to the Nassau agreement if we are to understand the commotion it has created.

The backbone of the British defense effort since the beginning of the 1950's has been the so-called independent deterrent. It was encouraged after 1954 by the amendment of the McMahon Act that enabled us to give nuclear information to Great Britain. The British retaliatory force has been composed of about 175 V-bombers. In 1957, Britain began to develop its own missile, called Blue Streak—similar to our Thor. This development was scrapped in February, 1960, in favor of Skybolt. Throughout the spring and summer of 1960, the Conservative government was under constant attack by Labour, which charged (a) that Great Britain should abandon its independent deterrent, (b) that it was dangerous to rely on Skybolt since the weapon did not exist and, as George Brown, Labour's parliamentary spokesman on defense matters, said, "The Americans have not bought it."

The debate about the British retaliatory force took on added intensity after the installation of the Kennedy administration. In March, 1962, Harold Wilson, who often speaks on foreign affairs for the Labour Party, returned from Washington and claimed he had been told that the United States did not consider the British strategic forces of any significance and that the British military effort had better be channeled in other directions. This was denied by the Macmillan government. Labour then challenged the government to produce a single official U.S. statement affirming that the U.S. valued the British deterrent. This the Macmillan government was unable to do.

With respect to the risk of relying on a foreign-produced weapon, the Conservative government consistently referred to an agreement with the United States to supply Skybolt. This has never been contradicted by either the Eisenhower or the Kennedy administrations. However, throughout 1962 leading U.S. officials, including Secretary McNamara and President Kennedy, publicly depreciated the utility of independent retaliatory forces. Then without warning, a week before the last NATO meeting, we announced our intention to cancel Skybolt. The decision naturally produced an uproar in Great Britain. As a result, the Nassau meeting between Prime Minister Macmillan and President Kennedy, which was designed to review the world situation after Cuba, turned out to be focused on the question of nuclear strategy.

THE Nassau agreement is a document of extraordinary ambiguity. The United States agrees to furnish Polaris missiles (type unspecified) to Great Britain. Great Britain is to supply the warheads and the subma-

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rines. British Polaris forces are to be committed to NATO and "targeted in accordance with NATO plans." They are to be part of a multilateral NATO force. Except when supreme national interests are at stake, "these British forces will be used for the purposes of international defense of the Western Alliance in all circumstances." France was invited to join this arrangement on the same terms.

The phrasing of the agreement raises a number of momentous questions. For example, what happens when the British government decides that supreme national interests are at stake? Can it use the Polaris missiles independently? Or has Great Britain merely the right to abstain from NATO action? The communiqué also states that strategic war is indivisible. But what if Britain insists on reserving the right of independent use? Then the possibility exists that either the British strategic plan or the NATO strategic plan cannot be fulfilled.

Short of the period of supreme emergency provided for in the communiqué, who determines the deployment of the submarines assigned to NATO? Is it SHAPE? the NATO Council? And how? Who controls the support facilities, particularly communications, without which the Polaris force will be useless? It is clear that a Polaris force under NATO command will not be available to Great Britain as an instrument of its own policy in most foreseeable circumstances. Indeed, if and when it were made available, it would result in a weakening of the multilateral NATO force. In any case, how is one to reconcile the provisions of the agreement with the insistent U.S. criticism of national nuclear forces?

Finally, the Nassau communiqué reverses traditional NATO doctrines by calling nuclear weapons the "shield" and conventional weapons the "sword." Does this mean that we are proposing to resist a massive Soviet conventional attack with conventional weapons only? If so, none of our Continental allies agrees with this: are we prepared to face the implications of such a radical shift of doctrine in terms of force levels or deployment? In fact we have asked for an increase of conventional forces from twenty-five divisions to only thirty, the very number that NATO, in 1957, considered adequate to form a shield for a nuclear defense. If we propose to defend Europe with conventional forces, do we propose to follow the same strategy in other areas such as Iran? If so, do we have enough conventional forces for all those tasks?

The circumstances in which the Nassau agreement was made create a political climate that is not very propitious for dealing with these questions. We offer a Polaris force with one hand while with the other we furnish arguments to those seeking to thwart a British nuclear program. Opponents of the British government's military policy will be able to use our antagonism toward national nuclear forces as an argument against the program we have offered.

The Skybolt issue is certain to reopen the nuclear debate in Great Britain. Mr. Macmillan has admitted that there will be a deterrent gap of three to four years after the V-bombers become obsolete, around 1965, and before Polaris becomes operational, around 1968. It will be argued that if Britain can get through this period without its own nuclear forces, the British nuclear program can be scrapped. In that case, do we really believe that Great Britain will substantially increase—rather than simply redeploy—its conventional forces? Are not all these events and possibilities much more apt to lead to a sense of impotence that cannot be healthy for the alliance?

Whatever the consequences in Great Britain, the circumstances surrounding the Nassau offer make it unlikely that France will accept. France will not make its own nuclear program dependent on an offer of future delivery of U.S. missiles after Britain's experience with Skybolt. De Gaulle may well argue that a separate European effort is required to hedge against our changes of mind. He will reason that if we behave so brutally even to Britain, which subordinated almost everything to its special relationship with us, what prospects are there for the Continental countries?

Apart from the merits of the Polaris offer, we have changed our proposals to NATO so often that no

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WHAT'S A LIBERAL?

see page 41

one can tell any more what we want or believe. We have assigned submarines to NATO—only to have this gesture turn out to be shifting them from one U.S. headquarters to another. Last May we spoke of a NATO submarine force with mixed crews; in September we seemed to encourage a European nuclear force; in December we offered a multilateral NATO force composed of national contingents. It is not easy for other governments to base their military policies on so mercurial an ally.

JUST BECAUSE the Nassau agreement raises so many questions, it creates the urgency of reconsidering the assumptions and, even more, the spirit underlying our strategy. The current quest for a "pure" strategy subordinates all considerations of psychology, policy, and the morale of our services to abstract and technical considerations of command and control.

Much will depend on the spirit in which the Nassau agreement is implemented. If its ambiguities are turned into efforts to hamstring the Europeans technically, a further deterioration of relations is inevitable. But if we approach the consultations in a less hectoring spirit, we may be able to escape the process by which our allies accuse us of unrealiability and we charge them with irresponsibility. An opportunity may then exist to discuss NATO strategy from the aspect, not of which member has the right to do what, but from the point of view of what the alliance as a whole should really want.

—HENRY A. KISSINGER

The Show Goes On

In its eagerness to become a cultural capital Washington is ignoring the potentialities of its own folk art, particularly that great American entertainment—the Congressional investigation.

The 1963-1964 season on Capitol Hill promises something for every taste. Those who prefer legitimate theatre will have the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the activities of foreign lobbyists, Senator Hubert Humphrey's subcommittee on the competence of the Food and Drug Administration, and a continuation of Senator Stuart Symington's stockpile hearings. For the tired businessman there will be the usual long-run hits—Representative Otto E. Passman on foreign-aid appropriations and Representative John Rooney on the debauches of the Foreign Service. And there's run-of-the-mill vaudeville everywhere.

It seems that to be effective an investigation requires an element of sensation. Senator Estes Kefauver's two-year probe into the drug industry only produced significant legislation after the Thalidomide scare. The element of mystery, real or feigned, is also essential. When the Un-American Activities Committee took its show on the road a while back, the members managed to seem positively astonished in at least six major cities when their touring customs official discovered Communist propaganda in a sealed mail bag. Not long ago the committee went so far as to invite secret testimony from a witness who was wearing a cloth bag over his head.

ICECAPADES

"Large-scale weather control techniques might be used . . . to bring a new 'ice age' upon the enemy," Admiral [William F.] Raborn suggested.—Associated Press

How peaceable the frozen enemy,
Glittering apex of the coldest war!
The Kremlin jeweled in ice, the hordes at last
Stopped in their shuffling, the Praesidium
A gelid waxworks, all the invincible
Machines ice-bound! Now all can see
The Frigor Mortis of a bad idea
Caught in the act—in aspic—prison in prism—
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Fabergé of the Czars, and equally
Outdated: Communism.

—SEC

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That's Him All Over

The line was never unexpected, but vaudeville audiences always roared anyway:

"Maybe you've noticed how I keep moving around up here?" the comedian on the stage would say. "That's so I won't be a target."

In a sense, Bob Hope (one of the four-a-day's most illustrious alumni) has given that zig-zagging tactic its most cosmic application: instead of bouncing around on a stage, Mr. Hope keeps hopping restlessly about the world.

Ironically, all his jack-in-the-box behavior (Hope springs eternal?) hasn't helped him a bit. He's *still* a target—of admiration, affection and NBC Television cameras.

If we sound singularly gushy about Bob at the moment, it's because this new year marks the 25th anniversary of his first regular broadcasts for NBC.

Ricochet

As early as the second week of that series, Hope's knack for evoking laughter through self-deprecation was already quite evident. "Here I am, back again for Pepsodent," he announced, "and I'm just as surprised as you are."

Well, no one was really surprised at all. In fact, it doesn't even surprise us that among the sponsors of Bob's full-hour television special on NBC this month is the very same sponsor who backed that 1938 radio series.

For Leslie Townes Hope has done more than simply *wear* well over the past quarter-century. His ever-increasing knowledge of the wizardry it takes to be a master-entertainer in motion-pictures, television and personal-appearances has made him one of the most applauded artists on this artist-ridden planet.

Bob's special (the third of half a dozen he's doing on NBC this season) will let viewers look in on some Christmas entertainment he headed last month for our troops in the Far East.

The muscular laughter that Hope elicits from a uniformed audience may easily be one

of the most heart-warming sounds ever recorded by man. To date he's made in-person appearances before more than 10,000,000 American troops under all sorts of conditions and in every clime. Small wonder he'll soon be the third entertainer in history (the others: George M. Cohan and Irving Berlin) to be honored with a gold medal from the President and Congress.

Hope's patient cooperativeness has made him a favorite, too, with television's behind-the-scenes personnel. Ask the NBC Special Projects crew that followed him around for three full months in order to film last season's "The World of Bob Hope."

Our Special Projects men scarcely let the poor guy out of their sight. It got to the point where Bob was *never* surprised to see them. In a hotel room one morning, he opened his weary eyes to find several of the crewmen—fully-dressed and ready-to-go—sitting on the adjoining bed. "Roll 'em," he said, demonstrating an ability to throw away a line even in the middle of a trance.

The People, Yes

No wonder the people go for him. And "the people" doesn't exclude the very statesmen, movie stars and top athletes Bob's scripts habitually kid. For even his best barbs are free of anger.

Which is just as it should be for a graduate of vaudeville's wholesome training. On the four-a-day circuit, as we recall, a "sick comic" was a funnyman who happened to be in bed with a fever.

NBC

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.

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The Fifteenth Amendment Comes to Mississippi

BARBARA CARTER

"ALL who are qualified to vote, both black and white," Senator James O. Eastland informed the Senate last spring, "exercise the right of suffrage in my state, as I am sure they do in Louisiana and other Southern states." The senator may find it easy to remain uninformed about other Southern states, but it must take a remarkable effort to remain unaware of the pressures and intimidations that prevent all but six per cent of the eligible Negroes from registering to vote in Mississippi.

The senator's home, a ranch-style house graced with three picture windows that look out on a deserted, tumble-down dwelling opposite, is the largest house in Doddsville, a tiny crossroads settlement in Sunflower County marked only by a traffic light. Just five miles to the north is the small community of Ruleville, where a Negro voting drive was launched last summer. Negroes who know the state call Sunflower County the "worst county in Mississippi" and Ruleville the "tightest town" in it.

In mid-August, a group of five Negro women from Ruleville drove to the county seat of Indianola to register. Indianola is the birthplace of the White Citizens Council, the militant segregationist organization whose influence still sets the tone for the county as a whole. The women were permitted to take the registration tests—a series of new and stringent requirements made it doubtful that they could pass anyway—and for the next two weeks a stream of Negroes from Ruleville made the trip to Indianola. Learning that the registrar's office would be closed for the month of September, the Negroes found a bus to use on the last day in August, and some twenty of them rode down to Indianola singing gospel and freedom songs on the way. On arrival, the driver of the bus was arrested and fined for driving a yellow bus: the color was too much like a school bus. Such imaginative uses of the law are not uncommon when Negroes attempt to register in Mississippi.

From the beginning, the mayor of Ruleville, Charles M. Dorrough (who had already run unsuccessfully for the more lucrative

position of county sheriff and wasn't sure whether he should try again), had been aware that the Negroes streaming into Indianola to register were acting as if all the barriers so carefully erected over the years had suddenly turned into swinging gates. His reactions were frantic and confused but nonetheless effective. He briefly arrested a couple of young Negro students who were helping with the campaign. He called meetings of the white citizens to discuss the "outside agitators" who were bringing trouble to his town. He shut down Negro businesses wherever he could find minor violations. One woman who had taken the test found the mayor on her front porch, tools in hand, turning off her water because she was three days late in paying her bill.

Negroes with city jobs who were connected with the registration movement were also handled directly by the mayor. He told a sanitation worker who was fired that he would have trouble finding any job in Ruleville. The white citizens were quick to co-operate with their mayor. Many Negro sharecroppers and tenant farmers lost their jobs, and some were evicted from their homes as well. Even relatives of would-be voters felt the weight of the town's displeasure. One woman whose mother had taken the test lost the job she had held at the county hospital for many years.

One of the Negro tenant farmers, a Baptist minister named Jeff Surney, came from Senator Eastland's home town. Although he was not given time to complete his registration test, Surney was evicted anyway. He has had trouble finding work and a permanent home for his family. ("We have been moving ever since," he told me recently.) Surney, however, went to Washington and filed an affidavit with the Civil Rights Commission detailing the reprisals he had suffered. Within a month of his return, he was charged with passing a bad check at the gas station in Doddsville. The station's owner is very sorry about it all. He had often asked Surney to watch his children on evenings he and his wife went to dances. He admits that he was forced to bring charges, though he will not describe the pressure brought on him. "Jeff must have been misled and taken sides with the Communists," he has added as if in further explanation.

By this time, however, the Rule-

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ville campaign was all over. It ended the night of September 10, when three Negro homes were fired into by unidentified night riders. One of them belonged to the husband of a would-be voter whom the mayor had warned: "We're going to freeze you out, Joe. We can't have anyone living with us and working against us." Another belonged to a woman whose granddaughter, Vivian Hilliet, eighteen, and her friend Marion Burke, twenty, had stopped on their way to Jackson State College to pay a visit. Both girls were wounded, one critically, and were taken to the county hospital. When the energetic mayor arrived at the hospital shortly thereafter, he found a Negro student, Charles Cobb, a slight young man from St. Louis, taking notes on the girls' condition. The mayor promptly arrested him and rushed back to the house where the girls had been shot to announce that he had captured the man responsible. Cobb was released the next morning without explanation.

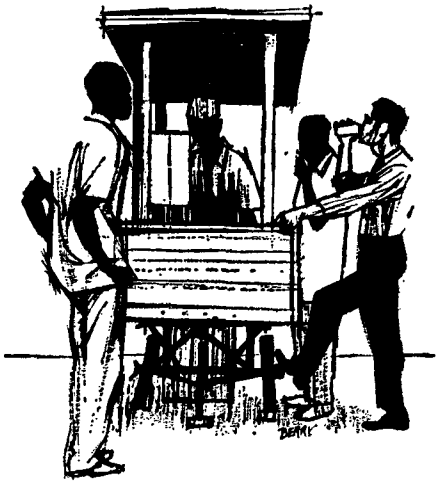
Mayor Dorrough still claims that he knows who was responsible for shooting into the Negro homes, but adds, "I don't want to pinpoint anyone personally, you understand." According to the mayor, "No local people were involved at all."

The Justice Department Moves

As head of the Senate Judiciary Committee, the senior senator from Mississippi must know that his state is the prime target of the Justice Department in its efforts to secure voting rights for Negro citizens under the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960. Of thirty-two suits brought in the South since 1961, ten have been filed in Mississippi alone, more than in any other state. In addition, matters involving registration and intimidation are under "active investigation" in sixteen counties, with the senator's county heading the list; and voting records, which can provide evidence for further cases, have been requested or are being analyzed in at least eighteen counties.

The Justice Department's activities are not restricted to the courts. Every step of the way is preceded by talks and letters to avoid suit if possible. Washington officials make no secret of their presence when they arrive in Mississippi towns to photograph registration books and poll-tax receipts—that is, when they can get a court order requiring the registrars to co-operate. Rarely is the co-operation voluntary. Though the department is woefully shorthanded in the face of the magnitude of its task, the six to seven lawyers assigned full time to the state have piled up an impressive number of hours in the field, and numerous Mississippi Negroes have been visited by Washington attorneys and the local FBI, coming as friends. According to John Doar, who is first assistant in the Civil Rights Division, "These people see you and get to know you. They begin to have some confidence that you mean what you say."

Most of the department's cases seek to prove that a "pattern or practice" of discrimination exists, and are brought against various registrars or sheriffs. But "the really great case," according to Doar, is the one against the state of Mississippi, its governor, attorney general, and secretary of state as board of election commissioners, and the registrars of six counties. In this suit the department is challenging as unconstitu-



tional all the recent legal devices designed to deprive the Negro of his vote.

The first of these came in 1954, when the Mississippi electorate (which is ninety-five per cent white) voted to amend the state constitution to require that all future voters be able to interpret any of its sections to the registrar's personal satisfaction. No standards for judgment are given, nor does a later amendment, that the applicant be of "good moral character," require anything beyond the registrar's own opinion. Moreover, the legislature recently permitted the registrar merely to write "Failed" on the tests without specifying the reason (unless it had to do with "character"), the logic being that to do otherwise "may constitute assistance to the applicant on another application." The most severe requirement, added last spring by the resourceful legislature, ruled that the names of all future applicants must be published for a two-week period in the local press. This permits economic pressure, or worse, to be brought easily, immediately, and directly.

The Federal government points out that these stringent requirements apply only to those not yet registered, and the department can prove by photostatic copies of voting records now in Washington how one-sided the application of these laws can be. Not only are Negroes asked to interpret the more difficult sections of the state constitution, but whites are forgiven the most inadequate answers to the far easier sections given them. Though no help is permitted on the tests and minor errors can rule out Negroes, the forms filled out by whites show helpful little check marks penciled in on an easily overlooked line where a second signature is required.

Under the Civil Rights Acts the Justice Department can initiate voting cases directly before the district courts. Mississippi is divided into two districts, the Northern and Southern, and the department prefers to spread its cases evenly between the two to avoid overloading.

The Judges

Presiding in the Southern District is Judge W. Harold Cox, a friend of Senator Eastland's, who has the distinction of being President Kennedy's first judicial appointee. He was selected for the bench in June, 1961, to ensure the senator's co-operation, as head of the Judiciary Committee, on other appointments and to facilitate the necessary working relationship of the Justice Department with his committee. Some say it was a trade for Thurgood Marshall's confirmation as Federal judge. At any rate, Cox's appointment illustrates how an earnest drive in the field of justice can be thwarted

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by seemingly adroit moves in the field of politics. Judge Cox has acted on the bench like the staunch Mississippian he is. He seems to regard the entire effort of the Justice Department as a grave error in judgment, and evidently feels that his understanding of the Negroes and their situation in the South is somewhat beyond the comprehension of Washington officials. Here, for example, is his reaction when presented with the fact that Negroes are required to see the registrar personally while whites need go no further than the lower clerks: "I think the colored people brought that on themselves. I am thoroughly familiar with some of the conduct of some of the colored gentry and I am not surprised . . . You people up north don't understand what [the registrar] was talking about. I don't expect you to."

In the Northern District, the department faces Judge Claude F. Clayton, who has proved to be reluctant even to issue court orders requiring registrars to produce their records when they refuse the department's initial request. (The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals has recently ruled that such orders should be granted as "a matter of course.") Judge Clayton held up one such request for twenty-one months. Part of the delay was caused by his asking for lengthy arguments on the otherwise simple matter of substituting the present Attorney General's name for the former Attorney General's. The case had been filed a few days before the Kennedy administration took office, and usually in such matters the substitution of the new Attorney General's name is automatic.

Under Judge Cox, voting records have been slightly easier to get, and even a temporary restraining order has been won on one occasion. When he chooses, Judge Cox can act surprisingly fast. For instance, the contract of a Negro schoolteacher who had appeared as a government witness in a voting suit last spring was not renewed. When talks with the school board proved futile, the department did not hesitate to file suit. The case was heard within two months and Judge Cox handed down his decision in three days. Although his ruling went against the department, the case was at least released, and it is now on appeal.

Both of the Mississippi district courts seem to have ample time to hear all the motions that may be presented by the state attorneys and to require fuller statements from both sides. Their rulings on evidence have also created problems for the Justice Department. In an attempt to prove a pattern of discrimination, the department has tried to bring in Negro witnesses who during a ten-year period have tried without success to register. The courts, however, limit the government to witnesses who tried during the time when the present registrar has been in office, often no more than a two-year period. Instead of forty to fifty witnesses, the government is allowed only the handful who have applied

in that short period. In the toughest counties, the futility of trying to register has kept their yearly numbers down. Having limited the evidence to these few witnesses, the court is then unable to discover a "pattern" of discrimination, and the Justice Department's case is called "superficial at best."

But while the courts in Mississippi spin out the judicial processes, the Justice Department moves fast where it can. Take the case of John Hardy, a Negro student civil-rights worker. The year before last, Hardy was smashed in the head by a pistol butt wielded by the registrar of Walthall County when the student brought two Negroes in to register. Hardy was immediately charged with disturbing the peace and his case was promptly set for trial. The department sought an injunction against the trial but got an adverse ruling from Judge Cox the day before the trial was to begin. The department's attorney, John Doar, flew the same day to Montgomery, Alabama, to present the government's suit before Judge Richard T. Rives of the Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Rives indicated that he would issue a stay, and the state thereupon agreed to put off Hardy's prosecution. Meanwhile, the government filed two suits against the registrar, one for intimidation and another for failing to register any of the Negroes in his county. (The trial date had to be postponed because the registrar's jaw was broken in a fight.) In Walthall County, at any rate, registrars have stopped beating student workers with their guns. But Negroes have also stopped trying to register.

The Student Workers

Student workers like John Hardy are presently conducting the Negro voting drive in Mississippi under the field direction of Robert Moses, a twenty-seven-year-old Negro with an M.A. in philosophy from Harvard. Moses is a member of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC, pronounced Snick), and his co-workers are either from SNCC or CORE (Congress for Racial Equality), the NAACP or the National Urban League, or Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. For some time these Negro groups had separately been conducting voter-registration drives in the South along with sit-ins and Freedom Rides, but things were changed last spring when a South-wide Voter Education Project was formed under the auspices of the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta, and some $450,000 was received in grants from the Taconic Foundation, the Edgar Stern Family Fund of New Orleans, and the Marshall Field Foundation of Chicago. Among the Southern states, Mississippi was considered unique. "Because of the extreme resistance, harassment, and intimidation in Mississippi," said Wiley A. Branton, director of the project, "we have

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launched an entirely different program there." In Mississippi, the workers from various Negro organizations joined together in a new Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) to pool their efforts to get out the Negro vote, and workers for the council limit their activities strictly to registration drives.

Occasionally Robert Moses breaks into a quick grin, but usually his manner is grave and quiet. His job often requires him to urge much older people with family responsibilities to risk the little they have for the mere sake of registering, often unsuccessfully. He has been arrested several times and has spent some forty-five days in Mississippi jails. His latest offense was passing out leaflets to Negroes in front of the Indianola courthouse. Almost a year to the day earlier, he was beaten by a relative of the county sheriff when he accompanied two Negroes who attempted to register in Amite County. Nine stitches had to be taken in his head, and although the suit he brought against his assailant was unsuccessful, Moses feels that the publicity he got for being the first Negro to bring charges against a white man in Amite County has gained him "some kind of immunity" there. (On another visit there he wasn't beaten, but his traveling companion was.)

Moses has concentrated his efforts on the hard-core areas of the Mississippi Delta, counties where the Negroes outnumber the whites and their registered voters are few. In Amite County, for instance, only one Negro is registered. In Senator Eastland's Sunflower County, where the Negroes outnumber the whites three to one, only 1.2 per cent of the Negroes are registered. In thirteen counties the number of Negroes registered is zero, and in twenty others the percentage is .003. These are the areas where resistance to Negro voting will be the most determined.

Some Questions of Tactics

W. C. Patton, the NAACP field secretary from Memphis who has long been working to secure Negro voting rights, recently commented: "In all my years of voter campaigning no one in my group has been arrested. When they bring in sit-ins and freedom rides and someone is arrested, my campaign is shot. That's it." In the hard-core areas, he told me, "We should go in for a test case, and

then pull out and go where we can get people on the books and registered." Though the students working under COFO do not conduct sit-ins or freedom rides, Patton notes that $5,000 was recently spent for legal fees following harassment of voter workers in Mississippi's Fourth Congressional District, but only eighty-three Negroes were registered.

The best defense of Robert Moses' operations in the hard-core area was given by government attorney John Doar. "He has to go where it's tough," Doar said, "to prove that he has courage." Courage, it seems, can be as contagious as fear. Recently, nineteen Ruleville Negroes tried again to register and four were successful. "They're really determined to see this through," Moses explained.

"I hope they don't get discouraged," Doar said of the student workers. "I hope they stick it out and keep working. After all, they're only trying to urge people to register." However, he noted sadly, it is "very difficult" to do anything about retaliation when it begins. "I can't keep a crime from being committed," he said. "We try the very best we can to eliminate the lawlessness by seeking injunctions and restraining various forms of economic retaliation. But it is very difficult to win. We have to prepare and check out those cases very carefully."

In John Hardy's case, for instance, the registrar had admitted hitting the student. "Justice really moved fast on that one," Moses told me with a grin, but added, "I suppose it was because the case was so clear-cut." In cases where the issue is not so clear-cut, it seems to the student workers (who are often the first to bear the brunt of ugly reprisals) that the department is unwilling to act unless it is sure of winning. The same complaint has been lodged against the NAACP.

Economic reprisals against the would-be voters are especially difficult to prove. The Ruleville sharecroppers who lost their jobs, for instance, must prove that it was because they tried to register, not because the crop was thin last year. A temporary injunction has been obtained by the Justice Department against mass evictions of sharecroppers in Tennessee, but such injunctions can restrain only so long. If the sharecroppers' leases run out or legitimate-sounding reasons for eviction turn up, it is useless. The Justice Department's main aim is to help the Negro get the vote, and where injunctions prove ineffective as well as difficult to obtain, it may concentrate its efforts elsewhere. For instance, it is understood that the department will bring a suit to secure Robert Moses the freedom to distribute voting literature without harassment, and this will help the Negroes' voting drive. This concentration of action sometimes looks like inaction or, as the student workers put it, "politics." Washington views it as a matter of tactics.

Robert Moses has seen too much in his two years to take a patient view. With seven others, he has just brought suit against Robert Kennedy and J. Edgar Hoover to require them to send Federal marshals to the courthouses to protect Negroes when notified of a registration attempt. The Justice Department had refused on the basis that it can't act as a police force for the entire state.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the first Negro candidate to run for office in Mississippi since Reconstruction, the Reverend R. L. T. Smith, who ran for Congress last year, is really "heartened" by the department's work and most understanding about the difficulties it faces. "The Justice Department has moved in what appears to be a slow fashion," he said recently, "but the 1960 Civil Rights Act is not fully established in the courts. However, they are getting the precedents established,

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and under somewhat trying conditions."

The story of Smith's candidacy has some interesting facets. When he announced his availability in November, 1961, it was treated by Negroes and whites alike as a grand joke. The president of one TV station in Jackson, WJTV, was eager in December to sell Smith program time for six appearances, but the candidate could afford only three appearances on a pay-as-you-go plan. After the first program, however, the station canceled the whole thing.

When Smith turned to the other TV station in Jackson, WLBT, it responded with a flat refusal to sell him any time at all. The first station, when appealed to again, explained that it had suffered so much intimidation since Smith's one appearance that it could consider his application only after he had appeared on the competing station. Smith reported his predicament to the FCC, and then accepted an invitation to speak at Brandeis University.

After his Eastern visit, Mrs. Roosevelt and James Wechsler, among others, wrote letters of protest to FCC Chairman Newton Minow. Smith also wrote to President Kennedy and got a quick reply from the President's office saying that the matter was being investigated. Within the week he received the letter, the second station notified him that it would sell him prime time, and an appointment was made with Fred L. Beard, its general manager.

It was an unusual interview. Beard confessed that he was afraid that if Reverend Smith made his appearance, "they" would blow up the station, topple the broadcasting tower, and shatter the plate-glass windows. He confided that if the Negro candidate was seen on the screen, "our two bodies will be found floating in the Pearl River," a peaceful stream just across the street from the station. He was kind enough to take the minister outside and point out where the barbed-wire fence would have to be erected, how the windows would be boarded up, and where on the roof he would have to station fifty armed guards. When they went back inside, Smith said he was ready to sign the contract. Nothing happened during or after his appearance, and he eventually was given one more showing on each of the two stations.

Though Smith did not win a seat in Congress and though Negro registration did not pick up significantly because of his campaign, he did win the right to run, the right to be accepted as a Democratic candidate in the counties and in the precincts, and the right to appear on television during his campaign.

The President's position is clear. After the shooting spree in Ruleville, he said: "I hope everybody will register in this country. . . . I commend those who are making the effort to register every citizen. They deserve the protection of the United States Government, the protection of the states, the protection of the local communities . . . And if it requires extra legislation, and extra force, we shall do that."

The Results

What have been the results of all the government's cases? "We have moved from no Negro registration to token registration," Attorney Doar pointed out. None of the cases has yet been won outright; some are on appeal and others have not been given a hearing so far. But in the counties where suits have been brought, the most obvious and blatant discrimination against Negro voters has ceased. Schoolteachers with Ph.D.'s, for instance, have recently been found qualified to pass the registration tests. And the department has, in effect, won one case though it is still pending. A temporary injunction against a registrar was obtained from the Court of Appeals before the case was decided in the district court. "We really bulled through on that one," John Doar recalled happily. The registrar is now in contempt, while the district court has yet to settle down for its long litigation over the issues involved. Furthermore, according to Aaron Henry, the head of the Mississippi COFO operation, if the Justice Department wins its omnibus case against the state and its voting laws it "will be a real breakthrough." The case is expected to open this month.

In the other pending cases, the department may win decisions finding a pattern of discrimination in the counties involved. The department will then, Doar told me, "in effect supervise voter registration there after that."

In Macon County, Alabama, for instance, where only nine Negroes had been able to register in a two-and-a-half year period, the department won such a case in 1961 with "dramatic" results. The decision had included a specific order to the registrars to report monthly on how many applied for registration, how many passed, how many were turned down, and for what reasons. In addition, the department had won the right of continuing record inspection. For three months after the court order, Negroes were allowed to correct inconsequential errors on their registration forms and applicants were processed at the rate of forty-four a day. As the shock of the court order began to wear off, however, another and more specific court order had to be issued to bring the registrars in line. The supervision of Mississippi registrars, obviously, will be a full-time job in itself.

Doar uses Macon County, where more than 2,800 Negroes are now registered, as an example of what lies ahead for Mississippi. "Every month now," he told me, "reports come across my desk from the registrar there, giving all the figures. We can check the reports by inspecting the records and if anything looks wrong send a man right to the spot."

Down the hall from Doar's office in the Department of Justice is a three-room section containing several machines that project microfilm onto screens for easy reading. Some fifteen members of the staff, including several Negroes, analyze and abstract the thousands upon thousands of Southern registration records that have already been photographed. Mississippi's records are at last beginning to come in.

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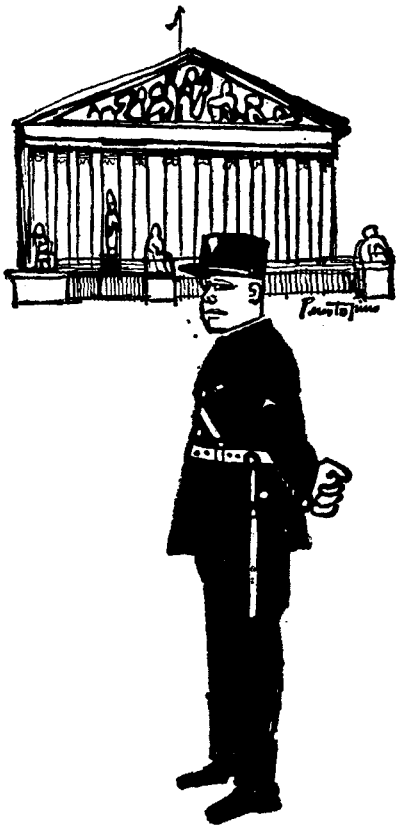

Doubts After Nassau

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

WHAT THE WEST won in Cuba, it has managed to spend in Nassau: this basic theme has been repeated so consistently and with so few variations by so many of the most authoritative papers of Western Europe and Great Britain that it clearly must express prevailing opinion. On the eve of the meeting between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan, the Gaullist organ *La Nation* wrote: "It is a good thing that the greatest power in the West has recovered its self-confidence, but there is another side to the coin, as Europe now perceives. . . . The Americans, as is well known, lack finesse in diplomacy but their undoubted realism should have told them that 'rich Europe,' which is already supporting the dollar, could not agree without betraying its destiny to go on indefinitely being the docile infantry of an overlord whose nuclear armor enables him invariably to impose his lordly will."

Well before the negotiations at Nassau began there was apprehension over the attitude of the American government, which, it was felt, might deal with its oldest allies with an arrogance derived from its recent success in Cuba. Several things, some of them unrelated or in themselves unimportant, had made the Europeans apprehensive. One, among others, was the highhanded and self-righteous assertion of American nuclear leadership accompanied by demands for a greater European effort in the conventional field, expressed by Walter Lippmann in a speech delivered last November before the Anglo-American Press Association in Paris. That speech was taken as an expression of American official opinion, and it irritated European susceptibilities all the more, as the Swiss *Gazette de Lausanne* put it, because it failed to take into consideration Europe's political and economic progress.

The NATO nuclear pool outlined in the Nassau communiqué contains some belated and cloudy concessions to European pride and even to legitimate European interests, but the climate of smoldering resentment had already been created by our earlier apparent disregard for European feelings or rights. "No one in Europe is resigned to the imperialism of the Kennedy team," warned the left-wing weekly *France-Observateur*. "In this fermentation of national ambitions the president of the Fifth Republic finds the confirmation of his own nationalistic pessimism."

The Skybolt Shock

Even anti-British Europeans were shocked and indignant over Washington's handling of the Skybolt affair. (So were American businessmen in Europe. "How can we expect anyone in Europe ever to trust us again?" exclaimed the overseas representative of an American space-age concern. "We might as well all go out of business.") The resentment generated by the Skybolt controversy was further inflamed by such statements as those in Dean Acheson's West Point speech, particularly since Mr. Acheson is a man for whom Europeans have the highest regard. A number of passages in the President's December radio and television interview did not help.

Many European observers were baffled by this public mauling of our favorite ally. As the Washington correspondent of *Le Monde* observed, we seemed likely to compromise our avowed objective of getting Britain into the Common Market because of the lasting damage we were doing to Macmillan's political prestige. Behind the scolding and pressure, *Le Monde's* correspondent thought he detected rational motivations of global strategy, unfortunately vitiated by "disregard for the psychological reactions of the peoples and governments concerned." Other observers were inclined to suspect that instead of stemming from a lack of psychological acumen, Washington's errors were caused by the determination of amateur headshrinkers along the Potomac to practice shock therapy on supposedly

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neurotic allies. If such was the case, the treatment failed in Paris as well as in London.

Coincident with the Anglo-American crisis, another significant factor in touching off Europe's latent anti-Americanism was the ill-timed and injudicious publicizing—first by the U.S. disarmament delegation in Geneva, then in a Presidential press conference—of the administration's intention to establish direct communication links between the Kremlin and the White House to avert the threat of accidental nuclear war. "An atomic Yalta is shaping up," headlined the right-wing anti-Gaullist daily *L'Aurore*. The sober, staunchly pro-Atlantic Catholic *La Croix* observed: "Instead of a direct telephone between the White House and the Kremlin, what seems more essential is a permanent line between Europe and the United States." The same fear of U.S.-Soviet negotiations behind the backs of our allies underlay the editorial in the Gaullist *La Nation* mentioned earlier, which concluded: "Europeans have a long history; they are sensitive to historic variations and even reversals. They should therefore take into account the possibility that their interests and those of the United States may one day diverge. This is their duty."

To western observers who have been trying to follow the evolution of Gaullist foreign policy in recent months, *La Nation's* editorial had the most ominous ring of any European comment on the latest crisis of the Atlantic Alliance. Yet its tone was very nearly matched a few days later by that of an editorial in *Le Monde*—which usually avoids encouraging Gaullist suspicion or resentment of U.S. policy—that criticized Washington's unilateral decision, taken on the eve of the Nassau meeting, to send a military "study" mission to the Congo. Speculating on the possibility of a U.S.-supported United Nations military action against Katanga, the influential French paper warned against the grave consequences of military sanctions taken without any real consultation with our principal European allies. "If Mr. Kennedy decides to take such action," *Le Monde* concluded, "he will no doubt be applauded by a majority of the 'Third World.' He will also show how little importance he ascribes to his western allies."

Regardless of what eventually happens in the Congo, our unilateral decision to swing the big stick over Tshombe's head despite the misgivings of our allies as to the need or wisdom of this course—London, Paris, and Brussels seem agreed that U.S. fears of Communist expansion in the Congo are groundless for the present—only increases the already existing tensions within the alliance. If the outcome finally seems to justify Washington's policy, the damage to NATO solidarity will probably not be lasting. But if there is new bloodshed

and chaos in the Congo, then the impact on NATO may be extremely serious.

The Untested Polaris

Much the same could be said of the Nassau agreement and of the whole Anglo-American crisis that preceded it. If the end product of the episode is an integrated NATO nuclear pool, with Europe and the United States co-operating at last as full and equal allies, the Europeans will no doubt forgive us for having pushed them around to achieve this result. But it is uncomfortably likely that the final result of Nassau will be the loss of prestige and possibly the fall of the Macmillan government, the torpedoing of Britain's entry into the Common Market, and the further widening of the rift between France and America, thereby reducing the Atlantic Alliance to an empty shell.

As authoritative a paper as the *Times* of London had this to say on the latest type of Polaris that the British count on getting: it "will have a range of 2,500 miles, but it has yet to have a successful test firing. Oddly enough, at present the Skybolt seems to be the more feasible weapon." In the same article the *Times* reported that President Kennedy was "angered by the successful test flight of a Skybolt missile. . . . The Presidential anger is understandable; the makers and the United States Air Force have demonstrated within twenty-four hours of the signing of the Bahamas agreement that the given reasons for dropping Skybolt were less than honest."

The press reaction varied throughout the Continent from cautiously negative to the blunt assertion, particularly in France, that Britain had "capitulated." The Zurich daily *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* expressed a balanced view, noting with satisfaction that: "It is as unrealistic to expect England and France to renounce all participation in the nuclear planning of the alliance as it is for these two powers to dream of independent nuclear deterrents. The solution can only be found in establishing control over certain parts of the respective national forces. This must be accompanied by common military planning and by the development of a clear and definite strategic doctrine capable of withstanding all the ups and downs inherent in such an alliance."

Even the most optimistic European observers fear that de Gaulle's opposition to any form of international control over France's developing nuclear arsenal will block application of the Nassau agreement indefinitely, and perhaps generate new tensions fatal to the alliance. The first Gaullist reactions certainly were not encouraging. "What the European nations want," declared *La Nation* when the broad lines of the accord were reported, "is to be able in case of need to use the threat of nuclear reprisals for the defense of their vital interests without asking Washington's opinion." This extreme position in effect abandons the earlier Gaullist claim for recognition of France as an equal

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nuclear partner in the alliance and implicitly repudiates the principle of allied interdependence upon which the entire NATO military structure is theoretically based.

The proposed NATO nuclear pool would supposedly give the European members as much control over the U.S. atomic components transferred to its jurisdiction as the United States would have over the European components. True, the Nassau agreement leaves Washington independent of its allies in disposing of the American nuclear deterrent, and free to employ it in defense of its vital interests without asking their opinion—even when it risks plunging them into war as a result of its unilateral decision. But the Nassau formula can be interpreted as a declaration of intention to move away from the Lippmann doctrine of the United States as sole arbiter of nuclear power.

ONE CAN HOPE that de Gaulle, with his deep sense of history, will appreciate the importance of multinational control and see to it that the generic and contradictory Nassau principles become binding reality. One can hope that even if de Gaulle's first impulse is to reject the proffered membership in the Nassau club, the influence of Konrad Adenauer—who is arriving here this month—will help overcome his objections. Such hopes, however, would be brighter if the Nassau plan had been proposed in clearer terms and earlier, before the strains within the alliance had reached their present critical level. "To break the deadlock, the Americans are proposing a three-power nuclear deterrent," Jacques Fauvet observed recently in a syndicated article for the French provincial press. "This is what de Gaulle asked for in 1958, and what the United States has consistently refused. . . . But is this solution which was valid four years ago still practicable?" During these years many things have happened, particularly in France. France has reached a definitive solution of the Algerian affair, as General de Gaulle said in his year-end message. At the end of that speech he declared: "The time has come when, avoiding all arrogance, we can and we must look far ahead and keep our sights high."

What Ever Happened To Lyndon Johnson?

WARD S. JUST

IT WAS mid-December in Bryan, Texas. The big, well-tailored man had neared the halfway point in his speech. He told the Texas A&M Student Conference on National Affairs that world tensions include more than population explosions, economic revolutions, and nationalism. He quoted Finley Peter Dunne, and warned the collegians that many of the most explosive tensions are generated by local issues, not global forces. He talked of the animosities of race and religion, and asserted that the twentieth-century struggle dates back not to the Industrial Revolution but to the twelfth century and earlier. At length he turned to specific cases and cited the need for roads, communications, and hospitals, which he called "the infrastructure of a modern economy."

He concluded his talk with an elegant quotation from Will Durant. The auditorium filled with applause. Within the hour he left the college for a restaurant nearby and an informal meeting with a hundred and fifty "close friends" from surrounding counties. He lingered for several hours and departed finally for Johnson City and his sprawling ranch astride the Pedernales River in the Texas hill country. Four days later, he was back in Washington.

This is Lyndon Baines Johnson after nearly two years in what was described by John Adams as "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." It is a fifty-four-year-old Johnson who now sprinkles his speeches with phrases from the mighty. It is a Johnson who chases across continents in search of the duties of his office. The man who took only two trips abroad during his twelve years as senator has traveled nearly a hundred thousand miles in two years as Vice-President—to Berlin and Senegal and Thailand and beyond. The man who once kept thousands of legislative details in his head now accepts thick black brief-

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ing books from the State Department. One day not long ago, he returned from Texas to sit in on a National Security Council meeting involving Cuba, the Skybolt missile, Pakistan, India, the Kashmir dispute, and the Congo.

'Power Is Where Power Goes'

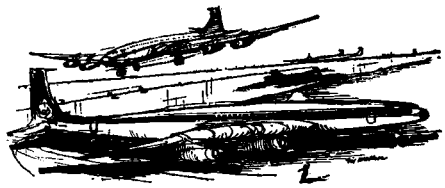
Slowly, the legislative leader has become the ubiquitous executive. As Majority Leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson had a single job. The court politics that dominates that body was ideally suited to his acutely political mind. His influence, both visible and invisible, was pervasive. As Vice-President he has at least five jobs, and none of them, singly or together, are as powerful as the majority leadership. He referees the Senate, and is chairman of both the National Aeronautics and Space Council and the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity. By Presidential request he sits in on Cabinet meetings and by law he is a member of the National Security Council. With some justice, during the last six years of the Eisenhower régime, Lyndon Johnson was called the second most powerful politician in the government. But in spite of his many jobs, no one would make the same judgment today.

"Power is where power goes," Johnson is quoted as replying when a skeptical friend told him the power potential of the Vice-Presidency was very close to nonexistent. Johnson's comment indicated he thought a man brought power to the office, as water to a well. It has not worked out quite that way, as LBJ would probably admit. The influence of the Vice-President depends, as one of Johnson's close friends put it, "not so much on the personality of the Vice-President as upon that of the President." With no empires to build and no hidden reservoirs of strength, the Vice-President awaits the bidding of his chief. Although he has a $37,775 annual salary, a $10,000 expense account, $127,645 for an office staff, and $9,000 for a Cadillac, in his darker moments LBJ may recall that as Majority Leader he had a staff of about thirty—fully ten more than he has today.

As a columnist recently told Johnson, he is "more relaxed than at any time in the past ten years." The anger and frustration of the first few months are gone, his friends say, to be replaced by a willingness to be a member of the Kennedy team. Officials recall the time LBJ violently objected when first told that, for reasons of safety, he could not ride in the same aircraft with the President. Such demonstrations have ceased and the Vice-President now accepts his separate and unequal aircraft. Yet the source of Johnson's contentment is not easy to find. How *could* he be happy? A reporter plies him with questions about Cuba, about the Common Market, about the Atlantic Alliance. He is told instead about the Equal Employment Opportunity Committee.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT called the Vice-Presidency "an utterly anomalous office," and suggested that it be abolished. John Nance Garner told LBJ himself that it wasn't worth "a pitcher of warm spit." Times have changed since T.R. and Cactus Jack, but not much. Complicating the problem is Johnson himself: the man of power who suddenly finds himself short of it is a fascinating study.

Lyndon Johnson's predecessor offers a point of contrast. President Eisenhower conferred real authority



on the Vice-Presidency, but the nature of Richard Nixon's contribution is still far from clear. He presided over Cabinet meetings in the President's absence, and was dispatched on various global fact-finding tours. But the one sure point of impact was politics. Nixon was in many ways the political steward of the Eisenhower administration, eagerly attending to the details scorned by the man in the White House.

This would be an ideal role for Lyndon Johnson, who, in the opinion of most Washington politicians, is leagues ahead of Nixon in political wisdom. But John F. Kennedy feels no need for a political steward. He himself is in charge.

Is it possible to enlarge the Vice-President's Congressional role? The President is, after all, really his own legislative expert. Kennedy strategists say that Johnson is a superb legislative tactician whose ideas are sought and, more often than not, used. Others question his real influence. Can he swing a vote? "Lyndon has no chits to call in any more," is the way one observer puts it.

Johnson is dedicated to the Kennedy program, but except for offering advice on strategy he is necessarily cut off from operational responsibility. "I never speak on legislative matters unless I'm asked," Johnson says—and he means it.

Of Race and Space

With these facts well in mind, the Vice-President has turned to other fields. His jobs are fighting employment discrimination and co-ordinating the national space effort. Of the two, the latter is held to be the more influential. Many Washington observers thought that Johnson would immediately lay claim to space and become the administration's ranking authority. The chairmanship of the National Aeronautics and Space Council has possibilities for enormous power (the word "czar" is often used). LBJ has chosen not to become a czar, or anything approaching it. He has, by all accounts, been an active and forceful chairman (the other members include the heads of the AEC and NASA and the Secretaries of Defense and State), but has limited his activities to those of co-ordinator and arbiter. On at least one occasion, he convinced Dean Rusk of the wisdom of his viewpoint; on another, his advice prevailed with the President. The Space Council's most significant advice thus far seems to have been the decision that we should go to the moon. Yet the council meets only about once a month, and meetings are usually scheduled on the same day as presumably more important sessions—such as those of the National Security Council—when the participants will be at the White House anyway.

At all events, the Vice-President has chosen to spend most of his energy not on space but on discrimination. His chief "day-to-day responsibility," as one aide puts it, is

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the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity.

The committee has authority to cancel government contracts of any company found practicing discrimination. It also has authority in the government itself, and solicits complaints of government workers who suspect racial, religious, or ethnic discrimination. With LBJ as a part-time, behind-the-scenes negotiator, the committee has signed a "Plans for Progress" agreement with eighty-five firms having government contracts. A "Plans for Fair Practices" agreement has been signed with 117 international unions and 300 local affiliates of the AFL-CIO. The agreements pledge the signatories to work toward nondiscrimination above and beyond the letter of the Kennedy executive order setting up the committee. Additionall, Johnson himself has made private calls on airline company executives, for example, to urge them to hire Negro stewardesses. His private calls have been successful: Johnson staffers insist all major airlines will soon be signed up.

The Equal Employment Opportunity Committee is the best available illustration of the frustrations of the Vice-Presidency and how they can be overcome. While Johnson is nominal chairman (as was Nixon before him in a similar Eisenhower "President's Committee"), under the Kennedy executive order actual operational responsibility is reserved for the Secretary of Labor. Former Secretary Arthur Goldberg named Assistant Labor Secretary Jerry R. Holleman (a Texan, but not a particular friend of Johnson's) to the critical job of executive vice-chairman. When Holleman resigned from the department in the wake of the Billie Sol Estes disclosures, Goldberg named a young administrative assistant, Stephen Shulman, interim executive vice-chairman. When Goldberg was appointed to the Supreme Court, a power vacuum developed in the committee and Lyndon Johnson, in a gambit reminiscent of his Senate days, filled it. He nominated a forty-two-year-old Negro named Hobart Taylor, Jr., whose father, said to be the first really rich Texas Negro, is a loyal supporter of none other than Lyndon B. Johnson. Taylor got the job.

There is nothing sinister in these maneuvers. Taylor's appointment only serves to underscore a point made by the Vice-President's staff—the committee is a Lyndon Johnson operation and its successes and failures are Johnson's.

THAT THE COMMITTEE is more potent under Johnson than it was under Nixon seems indisputable. It has handled more complaints in two years than the Nixon committee did in seven and a half. But a feeling

exists that the present committee, like the Eisenhower committee before it, is run partly as a publicity vehicle for the Vice-President. Sources outside the committee argue that what is needed is a professional approach to equal employment. They contend that except for the Justice Department, the committee is the most important voice in government for something approaching fair employment practices. Under Nixon, as one critic put it, the committee displayed "nice little exhibits" of equal opportunity; under Johnson, one may find "plans" agreements being signed at the White House and Negro stewardesses on airplanes, but heavy industry remains untouched and Southerners in Congress are still appeased.

Others suspect that authority may be lacking. Short of an actual Fair Employment Practices Committee law, the argument runs, very little can be expected.

Johnson's supporters dismiss the complaints out of hand. They point to the current record, contrast it with the Nixon record, and say the facts speak for themselves. They point to progress in the oil and shipbuilding industries, and cite the Johnson influence. Still others, looking to 1968, note the lack of enthusiasm among civil-rights groups for Johnson as a Presidential candidate, and conclude that politics is politics. Civil-rights advocates are difficult to satisfy.

Getting Ready for 1968

Of all the visible Johnsons, the most visible is Johnson the politician. No one, least of all LBJ himself, forgets the reason why he was nominated as Vice-President: he was the one man who could bring home the South for the Democratic ticket. And for himself, there was the promise of 1968. Two events have clouded the situation for the immediate hurdle, 1964: the Mississippi madness and the growth of the Republican Party in Texas and the South. In the 1962 Texas campaign, former Navy Secretary John Connally, a Johnson protégé and Democratic candidate for governor, found himself under attack as a Johnson puppet. The charge was untrue, but LBJ found it expedient to stay clear of Texas during the campaign. His nearly thirty years in Texas politics have earned him powerful enemies, many of them on the liberal wing of the state Democratic Party. Connally ended up by winning the governorship, but the organization was left in ruins. Johnson is discreetly working behind the scenes to help pick up the pieces. There were widespread reports that a recent Texas speaking

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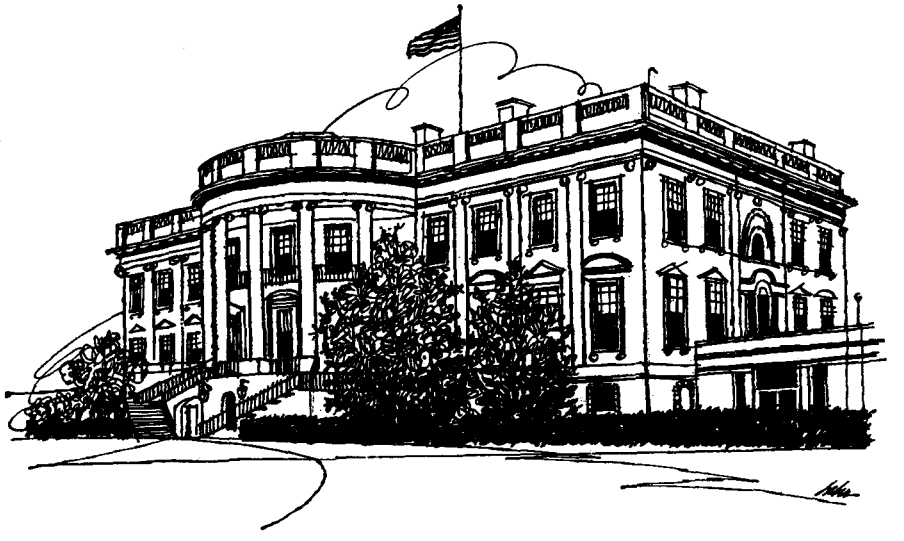
tour was an attempt at fence mending. The Vice-President, who privately thought that the reports were being wafted from the vicinity of the White House, vehemently denied them, but they persisted anyway. Complicating his problem is a conservative "Southern" image that continues despite his heroic efforts to bury it. He talks of his friendships with Roy Wilkins and Walter Reuther, and insists that he has crossed the threshold. Most disinterested observers are certain that he hasn't. From the vantage point of essay disclaiming any trend toward liberalism. Will LBJ's script intrigue the NAACP and COPE? The Vice-President protests that that is not its intent. He also took the document home to the LBJ Ranch over the holidays to study.

MEANWHILE, he shuttles from New York to California collecting degrees at Yeshiva and St. Mary's. This month, only four days separate talks to the memberships of two branches of the B'nai B'rith. He has spoken to the ILGWU, the National



the Kennedy years, some observers are even looking back on his Majority Leadership and contending that more could have been done. His efforts in behalf of the Civil Rights Act of 1957 have been filed and forgotten—except by Johnson himself.

The Vice-President's frustrations sometimes take an odd turn. Several months ago he asked a Senate staffer, Harry McPherson, to prepare a list of his crucial votes since he entered the Congress in 1937. The document turned out to be thirty-five pages long and was accompanied by what can only be described as a narration. When the Vice-President showed it to a reporter and asked for his comments, the only reaction the reporter could express was astonishment that, after twelve years as representative, twelve as a senator, and two as Vice-President, there was a need for it to be written. One cannot imagine Senator Robert A. Taft in his later years preparing a list of his votes together with a tidy little Urban League, and the United Jewish Appeal. He has dedicated a cultural center in Hawaii, an airport in Los Angeles, and a saline water conversion plant in Freeport, Texas. And he has gone to Berlin, where in one of his most important public utterances he pledged to the West Berliners "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Lyndon Johnson the diplomat has proved singularly appealing to the world's peoples. Southeast Asia in the spring of 1961 saw the same techniques the campaign crowds back in the United States had seen nine months earlier. The Vice-President, at the head of a motorcade, would dismount from his limousine at a moment's notice, go crashing into crowds, and find the response almost uniformly favorable. In Iran, the Shah appraised the Johnson technique and at last report was using it himself.

Some State Department officials are less sanguine about Johnson the diplomat. The Vice-President, they say, does not yet have the passion for detail (in other quarters this is called "a command of the facts") that makes for a first-rate diplomat; he also, on occasion, lacks caution. His visit to Formosa in 1961, these critics say, resulted in somewhat greater praise for the Chiang régime than the administration intended. But, typically, the critic did not suspect base motives: the laudatory statements were "just Texas exuberance."

State Department officials say that calls from "the great man" (as he is sometimes known) are increasing and that he himself seems better informed than two years ago. If this sounds patronizing, it must be understood that diplomats view their calling in a very special light. They hold that no mere congressman (or Vice-President) could ever understand the fine points of diplomatic negotiation. Johnson knows that he is viewed with alarm in these quarters, and he tries to be philosophical about it. One day not long ago he worried the point with the President: "I sometimes get the idea that those guys are looking at me through an invisible monocle."

With all his activities, Lyndon Johnson seems determined to shun controversy. With newsmen he is strictly "for background only." The result, in a Washington overrun with truly gifted publicist-politicians, is that LBJ has all but disappeared from official sight.

One noted Washington correspondent recently wrote that Johnson, "from his downtown office right across from the White House," had "participated" in the top-level discussions during the October-November crisis. He did attend the meetings, but if the Vice-President had any substantial role in the Cuban crisis, it has yet to be learned. Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett were able to write a crypto-authorized version of the crisis without once mentioning LBJ's name. The New York *Times* printed a nine-column account of the crisis, and mentioned the Vice-President twice: once as one of those "also present" at an early NSC meeting and once in recollection of a speech he had made before the missiles were discovered in Cuba.

It is not difficult to imagine Lyn-

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don Johnson's dilemma during the crucial NSC meetings. Unlike Rusk, McNamara, and McCone, he represented no constituency. Unlike Robert Kennedy, McGeorge Bundy, and Theodore Sorensen, he lacked any special relationship to the President. Unlike Dean Acheson, he was no expert in diplomacy. Unlike Llewellyn Thompson, he was no expert in Soviet affairs. Johnson's friends, when presented with this analysis, bristle and assert a singular connection with the President and the crisis. "Besides Jack Kennedy," they say, "Lyndon was the only politician present."

The Boston-Austin Merger

The relationship between Kennedy and Johnson is one of the most curious in Washington. The careful reporter searches diligently for the apple of discord, and goes home empty-handed. Is it true that Johnson can't get in to see Kennedy? Not at all, the reporter is told. LBJ is one of the few men in Washington who have "unimpeded access" to the oval office, often arriving through the chambers of Personal Secretary Evelyn N. Lincoln via the Rose Garden. Is it true that some distrust remains because of the struggle for the Democratic nomination at Los Angeles in 1960? That is absolutely untrue—on the part of the President, anyway. Well, then, says the reporter, the President must have his doubts about Lyndon taking a full executive role. No, say the sources, the President believes the Vice-President is performing well in a difficult position.

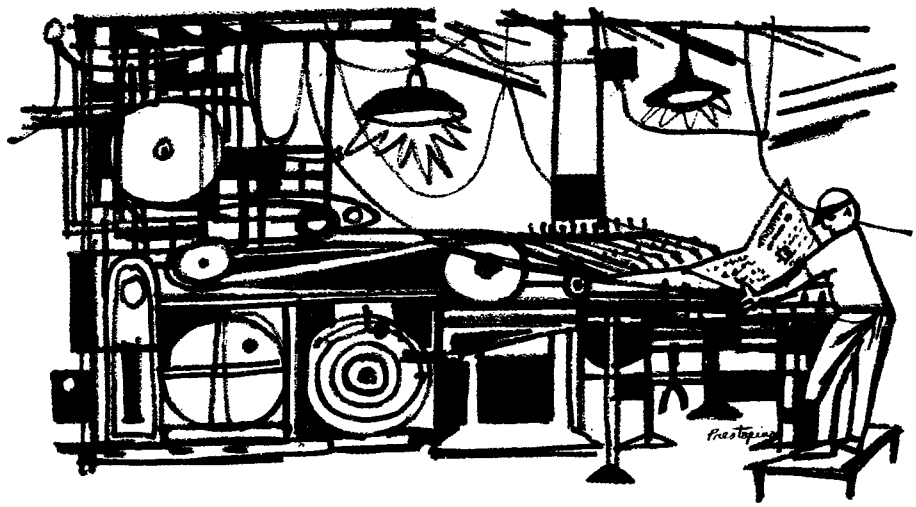
And Johnson? He recalls, in private conversations, the promises made by the Kennedy forces at the convention and during the campaign. LBJ, the reassurances went, would have a full role in the administration; the phrase "second to none" is recalled. Apparently Johnson feels that the contract has been honored.

No cipher or anything approaching one, Johnson has managed to weld an extremely close bond with the President. He literally *does* arrive unannounced at the Presidential office and, more important, is warmly received. President Kennedy invites Johnson and his wife, Lady Bird, to nearly all White House functions, from family dinners to Nobel Prize winners' banquests. There is a personal closeness, but the reporter who traces Johnson's movements around the capital sometimes begins to wonder if the relationship is anything more. Is there, in fact, any business relationship at all?

LURKING in the background of all questions are the prospects for 1968. For Johnson, somewhat as for Nixon, the problem is to establish a reputation in the Executive Branch. It is significant that Walter Jenkins, LBJ's chief aide, recently moved his office from Capitol Hill to the Vice-Presidential suite in the Executive Office Building. Those who know say that Johnson will be spending more time there than on Capitol Hill with his Senatorial friends.

"The merger of Boston and Austin is the last which the Attorney General allowed, but it has been one of the most successful," is the way the President once summed up his strange alliance. If Johnson can keep his Texas base solid (and there seems no good reason why he cannot), the merger will doubtless remain intact.

Lyndon Johnson's problems as a national figure are more serious. As he takes time tending to the South, Northerners will continue to view him as a regional candidate. He has not been able to find a definitive role as Vice-President, but the fault is not his alone. To cultivate a garden, a man needs tools.



The Dilemma Of a Guild Reporter

MILTON BRACKER

LIKE ALL CRISES, the printers' strike that has deprived eight million New Yorkers of their newspapers since December 8 has posed painful questions for those only indirectly involved. If you are a member of a union not on strike, but supporting the strike, these questions begin with the basic: "What do I do for money?" But they range swiftly to a complex series of intellectual, professional, and moral issues.

A strike is by definition a collective act. Yet, paradoxically, it becomes an intensely personal thing. No two individuals react exactly alike to it. It affects the tone of voices, the shrillness of laughter, the tranquillity of a home. It becomes entwined with the food or drink you order in a restaurant, the number of hours you sleep or don't sleep at night. And inevitably, as the strike—as a sociological phenom-

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enon—drags on, the personal aspect of it tends to sharpen. Men and women think not in terms of a "labor dispute," of mediation, union benefits, improved contracts. They think back to origins and motivation. How and why did they become involved in the strike in the first place? And would they alter their present degree of involvement if they could? Putting it another way, what is as measureless as the difference between the *concept* of organized labor and the sudden numbing realization that you are organized labor yourself?

One speaks for oneself. But in any professional activity, one belongs to a certain category. In the newspaper situation, the central irony is that the American Newspaper Guild, which covers editorial employees, is an industrial, or vertical, union. In simplest terms, this means that its membership includes editors, cleaning women, Pulitzer Prize winners, elevator operators, the best local reporters and press photographers in the business, and waitresses. To be even more specific, the strike-bound New York local includes one internationally famous correspondent whose dispatches from Algeria once drew a note of compliment and inquiry from Senator John F. Kennedy; an editorial writer who for twenty years was considered the top labor reporter in the country; a man honored for his coverage in depth of the nation's aerospace program; the editor of an influential travel supplement; a specialist in religion just back from the Ecumenical Council in Rome; and a leading science writer, whose recent series from Moscow on Soviet research developments gave him the opportunity to acquire the fur cap he did not expect to be wearing at a city-wide Guild meeting soon after his return to non-work.

And with fine and authorized impartiality, the Guild also checks off dues and assessments from the office bookmaker, the porter, and one office boy so mentally attuned to the situation that he appeared in his newspaper's city room to ask for his "strike benefits."

For by virtue of the fact that their union is honoring the picket line of Local 6 of the International Typographical Union—Big 6—men and women in all of these categories on four newspapers are out of work. The Publishers' Association of New York City shut down the other five papers after the first four were struck, thus completing the desolate picture. For one reason or the other, about 5,500 of these people have been lining up weekly at Guild headquarters, to receive in cash the $30, $40, or up to $80 which they are entitled to from the union, in accordance with their number of dependents.

I WOULD LIKE (indeed, I am irresistibly impelled) to address myself to the dilemma of the Guild reporter in the top category. I mean men who have long experience both at home and abroad. I mean *writing* reporters whose bylines have come to assure both their employers and their readers that what follows is accurate, complete, well organized, and gracefully styled. I mean men and women who are experts in public affairs, in one or more of the arts, in science, or in sports. And I mean the so-called general assignment reporter, the one who, down the years, has distinguished himself by sheer versatility; by a talent for inhabiting a difficult news situation in any country and staying with it until its news has been drained securely into the columns of his newspaper. As superb examples of the general assignment man, presently idled: the *Times's* Peter Kihss and the *Herald Tribune's* Robert S. Bird. (It is only fair to record that Bird's status as the *Trib's* star may be credited to the Newspaper Guild, to the extent that in 1951 it fought to victory in arbitration a celebrated incident in which he was dismissed by Joseph G. Herzberg, then city editor.)

Journalists like these have the greatest personal respect, and often affection, for members of the Guild in commercial and housekeeping jobs. But both groups recognize that intellectually and professionally they have little in common. If this be professional snobbery, let it. It exists in the very nature of a vertical union, in an enterprise with responsibilities as unevenly distributed as in a newspaper. (And it works two ways. For years, a *Times* elevator operator announced the third or newsroom floor with the amiably derisive "Brain Department!")

To the highest category of writing reporter, the news he covers and the quality of his finished story are the very essence of his ego; indeed, of his very life. He loves his work. But he is not falsely sentimental about it. He regards the contents of the published newspaper, and his share in it, as not only precious but vital. For he knows the importance of an informed public at a time of international crisis—which means always.

But the great majority of the members of his union have relatively little interest in the published newspaper. The skill of the "lead," or opening paragraph, of the story of a Presidential press conference; the craftsmanship with which a correspondent shows up a politician by working in touches of behavior and background or exact quotes, may mean nothing to them. The non-editorial Guild members, to one degree or another, want to be informed citizens. But they have no intimate involvement, either of the intellect or the creative self, in the production of the newspaper or in its substance. Many of them might just as well be working in a factory.

At the recent city-wide meeting, there were four Guild officials on the platform. There were perhaps forty superior reporters and copy editors out front. It is safe to say that not one of the four had the slightest appreciation of the nuances of craft, the factors of selection, the evaluation of conflicting news developments, with which the forty lived every one of their working days and nights.

THERE IS no point in reviewing the steps whereby the American Newspaper Guild—depression-born, like much of "big" labor today—became an industrial union. Editorial workers knew at the start that the "horizontal" levels of newspaper work were vastly disparate. But they also knew that, by themselves, they could bring very little pressure to bear on publishers. News-agency copy can readily be processed into a salable newspaper, if not a great one. The reporter, in this sense, has always been expendable.

But even those who recognize the inevitability of the industrial news-

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paper union have been rendered increasingly uneasy—never more so than right now—by the concomitants. For they find themselves in the position of a permanent minority that can obviously be outvoted overwhelmingly by non-editorial employees. As a crucial instance: in 1958, during negotiations on membership, the New York *Times* offered the Guild the elimination of the "escape" clause, whereby a Guild member could resign within a fixed period after the signing of a new contract.

To me and many of my colleagues, this was a most ominous development. Because when it came up for a vote, the question was not, Do you as an individual want to resign now, because hereafter, you may no longer enjoy the privilege? It was, Shall a simple majority vote end the escape clause without giving anyone a final chance to exercise it, even though it is valid at the moment the vote is taken?

One man phrased his opposition this way: "Under our society, you can honorably resign from your club, from your church, from your marriage. You are not bound to re-enlist in the Army—and you can resign from life itself. But if this vote is affirmative by the slightest margin, you are locked into a labor union for life." The audience listened respectfully, except for one commercial employee who yelled, "Well, do we want a union or don't we?" The question was called and the escape clause died forthwith.

This is not to say that those who fought to preserve the right to resign would have exercised it at that time, or in 1960, or this year, or ever. But not having that right galls them, as it must gall newspaper men and women in the same category across the country. I have worked among them for thirty-two years; to this extent, if to no other, I am sure I can speak for them.

Why, then, did they join the union in the first place? The reasons vary. But I think they can be narrowed, basically, to two. First, of course, was the national shock of the depression and the obvious remedy of collective bargaining. For those who began in the early thirties, when a *Times* reporter started at $35 and a *Herald Tribune* reporter at $25 (maybe!), organization was inevitable. If that young *Times* man was promising, after five or six years he would be getting $50. Today, after six years he is guaranteed about $170.

Thus many reporters who were to become well known in their fields joined the Guild early. Many have retained membership throughout. The late Bruce Rae, one of the most brilliant reporters of the 1920's, used to say as an executive that no matter what you thought of the Guild, you had to concede that it had greatly improved newspaper wages and working conditions.

But in the mid-1930's, many of the best people quit. (For example, William L. Laurence, who had been *Times* organizer and unit chairman, and who was to become the out-

standing journalist in the field of atomic energy.) A principal reason was the insidious early Communist influence. Apart from its serious long-range objectives, this took the form of "entertainments" at which publishers were attacked personally in the most tasteless terms. At one such program, I remember that Frank S. Nugent, later *Times* motion-picture critic, now in Hollywood, and I walked out in disgust. But even the Guild's severest critics acknowledge that the Red taint was thoroughly and permanently expunged in the 1940's.

BUT ANOTHER reason for quitting in the 1930's related to the nagging question of the vertical union. Many of us covered the historic strikes in the Midwest. In the Michigan sitdowns and Little Steel, for examples, there was violence and chicanery on both sides. (Franklin D. Roosevelt dramatized it by borrowing a famous phrase from *Romeo and Juliet*.) But what disturbed me was the very organizational ruthlessness of the early CIO—and its use of hired pickets, as one particularly cynical technique. At no time did I feel that the automobile and steel workers ought not to organize; I was certainly no apologist for industrial management in the era of the Memorial Day "massacre" in Chicago. But I knew that the kind of authority being imposed on industrial workers by their organizers, however necessary, was not for me. (And neither is the refined version called "blue-collar discipline," an intangible that newspaper craft unions often point out has not been "achieved"—thank goodness!—by the Guild.) In 1937, I resigned.

Why did I—among others who had quit for the same or kindred reasons—and younger men of similar orientation later rejoin or join the Guild? In most cases, probably, because they believed, with the assistant editor of a Sunday book section, that "on bread-and-butter issues, there's no difference between a porter and a poet." In 1946, the depression was over. Yet a man who is now among the most accomplished specialists joined that year on principle. (An odd touch: as a small stockholder of his newspaper, he made sure this was all right with the Guild when he applied.)

The basic issue of unionism apart, a great number of later decisions to join came down to a reluctance to "ride free." Indeed, I am convinced that this reluctance may be deemed the second main reason for high-level editorial membership in the Guild. To "ride free" means to accept raises and other advantages secured through a Guild contract without paying dues as a Guild member. Riding free becomes possible because such boons accrue to all members of a job category, whether or not they belong to the union. To me, this issue of riding free is actually at the heart of the current dilemma of the best reporters. And it has led to some interesting demonstrations of feeling.

IN 1953, a photoengravers' strike shut down the New York newspapers for eleven days. This was the

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first time that Guild employees "stayed out" in respect of a craft union's picket line. At the *Times,* one of the men who stayed out was the late Leo Egan, the *Times's* chief political reporter. Egan was not a Guild member. But as a matter of conscience, he did not work. He also refused Guild strike benefits, offered to him in appreciation of the gesture. In this case, the man did not want to "ride free," in the sense of accepting the weekly pay check to which, as a nonunion man, he would have been honorably entitled, while most of his colleagues remained away from work.

At the same time, of course, other non-Guild members did go to work. One was Meyer (Mike) Berger, a Pulitzer Prize winner who, at the time of his death in 1959, was probably the most beloved newspaperman in New York. Berger deplored the strike, primarily because of its possible effect on newsroom relations in a shop like the *Times,* long characterized by benevolent paternalism.

GUILD MEMBERS hailed Leo Egan's stand as, today, they admire that of Gay Talese. Ablest of the young writers, and a non-Guild man, Talese has stayed out. On the other hand, in 1953 no Guild member criticized Berger—not only because he was not a unionist to begin with, but because his skill and personality had endeared him to everyone. Yet the contrasting stands of the two men stirred feelings that have been preserved in a kind of psychological amber. In the course of the 1962 strike, a former news executive, who as a desk man had not joined the Guild but who had reciprocated esteem and affection with many Guild men as well as with both Berger and Egan, put it this way: In 1953 he had never had more respect for the non-Guild man who had gone in—and such contempt for the non-Guild man who had stayed out. This was a judgment that only a revived original emotion could have moved this man—after nine years—to expose. And it hints at the rigidity with which spokes of controversy radiate from the hub of a strike; at how agonizing they are to the men who love good newspapering and its importance to the public as well as to themselves.

Early in the current shutdown, four such men had lunch in a small restaurant near their picketed building. Their consensus was that it was a "bad" strike—"bad" in the clearly implied sense of unnecessary. They believed that it would have been called at 2 A.M. on the expiration date, regardless of the status of negotiations, of the offer (actually made) to "stop the clock" while negotiations continued. And one of the men had prior confirmation of this belief from a striking printer, who had stopped by to chat across the street from the picket line. "Powers," the printer had gone on to say, with neither pride nor protest but with melancholy, "is ambitious." Powers is Bertram A. Powers, head of Big 6.

Thus the dilemma of the Guild reporter (who knows, of course, that it might also be said that "Bradford is ambitious"—Amory Bradford being chief negotiator for the publishers). The background, experience, and sense of responsibility of the writing journalist tell him to view every situation objectively, to report it factually, to let the chips fall. In the present situation, having joined a union voluntarily, he cannot resign. But he is gravely examining his whole relationship to his job, his union, the labor movement, and the national economy. Because he sees clearly that the newspaper labor structure, with nine separate craft unions plus the Guild, is such that the situation may recur in 1964, and then in 1966, and then . . . Even if it takes maturity to recognize that labor is not *always* right and management is not *always* wrong, the greenest cub can still spell inflation.

A FLAT STATEMENT from the floor that the printers' strike was "irresponsible" drew only a smattering of applause at the Guild meeting. It was plainly not a majority sentiment at the time. Had the adjective been "unnecessary," however, the response might have been more indicative. And it is not hard to imagine how discerning editorial personnel reacted to (a) the stock assertion by one union official, after the steam of the meeting had spent itself, that the Guild, with the printers, was headed toward a "great victory for organized labor." ("The hell we are," one of the most respected reporters remarked later. "We're headed for a catastrophe.") And to (b) the concluding suggestion by another official that the sentiment of the meeting might best be expressed by a "general ambiguous resolution." Fancy the ring of this on the ears of men who for years have known exactly how to judge a "general ambiguous resolution" as opposed to an honest expression or, as the circumstances might indicate, a proper silence.

This is not to say that, given the honorable opportunity to resign tomorrow, these men would. (Although they certainly would prefer having the choice.) And it is not to take sides between the printers and the publishers. The fact is inescapable that after the *Times, Daily News, World-Telegram and Sun,* and *Journal-American* were struck, the publishers, in accord with an announced strategy of collective retaliation, did lock out the staffs of five other papers. And the protection of strike insurance may indeed fortify the determination of some owners to let the stoppage continue until March.

But this is to say, and emphatically, that no newspaperman worth his craft enjoys the position of being forced to take sides automatically. Just because he belongs to one union (which only a few weeks before had signed a patiently negotiated two-year contract) doesn't mean that he must, by rote, back every other union in demands that his intelligence and his conscience may tell him are unrealistic. For they also tell him that the free flow of news is a public resource; that right now it is in critical supply.

And it is to suggest that the solution for the writing reporter and his editorial associates would have been, and conceivably could still be, the so-called agency shop. Under this arrangement, non-Guild men would pay dues but would not be subject to blind union discipline. They would not be riding free, but they could decide each strike situation—to work, not to work, or how long not to work—on the basis of their own best judgment, and not because they were part of a hopelessly outvoted minority in an industrial union that had instructed its members beforehand, in writing, not to cross a picket line.

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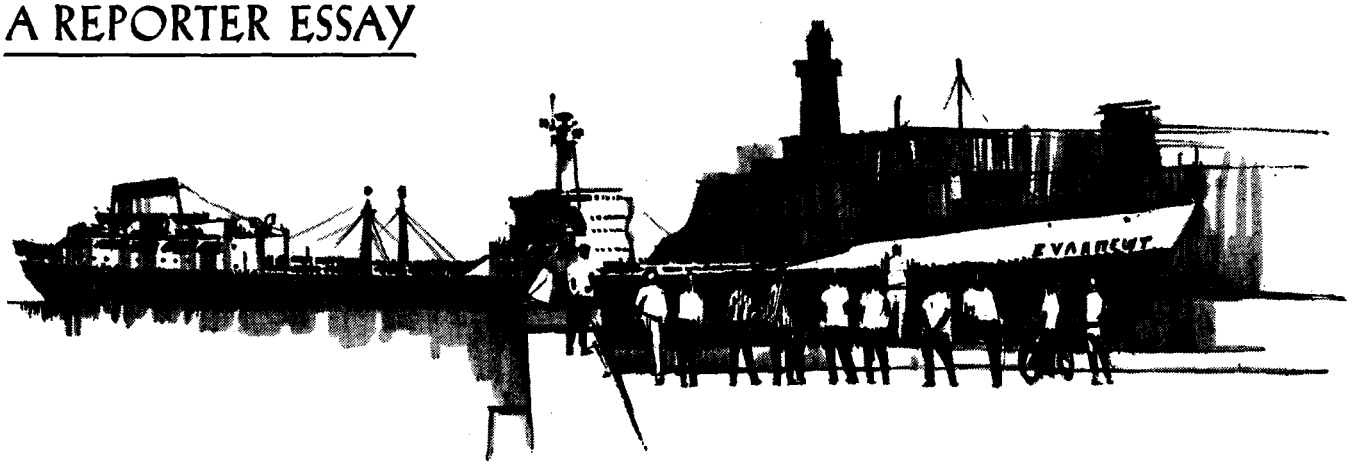
A REPORTER ESSAY



Castro and Communism

A detailed account of the background and consequences of the missiles crisis in Cuba

THEODORE DRAPER

THE STRANGE FATE of the Soviet missiles in Cuba has again raised troublesome questions: How much or what kind of a Communist is Fidel Castro? Where does Cuba stand in relation to Russia, China, and the rest of the Communist world?

These questions are troublesome because most people are not satisfied unless they get finished answers. But we are not dealing with a finished person or process. Castro and his Cuba are still so unstable that they have not been able to go on for more than six months at a time without a major crisis or upheaval. Their course has been determined partly by inner dynamism and partly by external circumstances. When the circumstances have been favorable, Castro has pushed forward recklessly. But when they have been unfavorable, he has known how to maneuver and bide his time.

Thus if only because he has not always been able to control what, in his "Marxist-Leninist" phase, he has called the "objective conditions" and because his own recklessness has often driven those factors beyond his control, Castro has not been able to pursue a steady or consistent course. He has, in fact, institutionalized his personal instability by refusing to stabilize his revolution, on the ground that a revolution that stops going forward ceases to be revolutionary. He has never operated from a firm political center but has always associated himself with ideas and movements that seemed most able or willing at different times to serve him. In a sense, he has subordinated himself to them on condition that they subordinate themselves to him.

In the latest crisis, we must again face the problem of the confusingly unfinished character of Fidel Castro. When he invited or accepted Soviet missiles, was he a Soviet "puppet" or "satellite"? When he protested against their removal and showed his displeasure in other ways, was he behaving the way puppets and satellites are supposed to behave? Yet on any grounds, how much freedom of action or choice did he have or give himself for just such an emergency?

These questions are obviously much larger than the present situation. In any serious effort to determine where Castro is, one must first try to find out how he got there. The weapons in Cuba were only part of a complex, even tortuous Soviet-Cuban relationship that had developed over many months. The Soviet and United States aspects of the missiles crisis have received most attention and the Cuban the least, though the latter may bring us closer to an understanding of some of the still puzzling factors in the crisis.

After the Bay of Pigs

Paradoxically, Castro's current predicament may be traced back to his greatest triumph—the fiasco of April, 1961, at the Bay of Pigs, or as the Cubans prefer to call it, the Playa Girón. This triumph was so great that it gave Castro and his ruling group the illusion that they could do anything. It raised Castro's prestige in Cuba and Latin America to its highest point. It led to the liquidation of the internal opposition, which had been growing in strength and militancy. It effectively paralyzed United States policy for more than a year.

Circumstances seemed so favorable that Castro speeded up the visible transformation of Cuba on the Soviet model. He authorized the first stage in the development of a single governing party, which Cuba had hitherto lacked, in the form of the

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ORI (Integrated Revolutionary Organizations). New legislation, especially in the field of labor, prepared the way for a completely Communist economy. Trade agreements made Cuba more than ninety per cent dependent on the Soviet bloc.

These moves interlocked. The increasingly massive Soviet investment in Cuba was guaranteed politically by the fact that the ORI was handed over to the old-time Communists, who ostensibly gave up their own Partido Socialista Popular (PSP) but actually moved into similar positions in the ORI. In the spring of 1962, however, the PSP's domination of the ORI resulted in widespread discontent, and Castro put the blame on the former PSP leader, Aníbal Escalante. But where, after all, had Castro been all through 1961? If he had known what was going on, as no one in his position could have helped knowing, the entire affair was less a struggle between Fidel Castro and the bad, "old" Communists than a clash between two phases of Castro's own policy.

IN ONE PHASE, he quite deliberately turned the main levers of power over to the old-time Communists. The take-over was smooth and easy because he made it so. He lauded the superior political wisdom of the Communists and took upon himself the blame for any past differences. Later on, however, this policy backfired and brought forth, to use his own words, a "chaos," a "tyranny," a "yoke." He then dissociated himself from the blame as if he had been living on another planet.

More recently the former general secretary of the PSP, Blas Roca, set out on a peculiarly extended tour of Eastern Europe. On October 3, 1962, about three weeks before the eruption of the missiles crisis, he left Cuba, ostensibly to attend the thirteenth anniversary of the East German Communist régime. But when this event came to an end, he proceeded to Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, and then to Italy, for congresses of the national Communist Parties. Roca did not run out of reasons for staying away until well into December. It is hard to believe that his peregrinations in Europe would have been considered more important than his presence in Havana in the critical months of October and November if Fidel Castro had wanted him near.

There is a tendency, however, to interpret each phase of Castro's relations with Soviet Russia and the Cuban Communists as if each side were obliged to outwit or blackmail the other. I rather think that all concerned have been moved largely by self-interest, and that at least until the end of 1961 Castro did not have the power to make the Soviets do anything they did not want to do, and *vice versa*. Each held out temptations and hazards to the other, together with tangible rewards too great to resist. And the balance of hazards and rewards has changed with the changing situation.

If all had been going well in Cuba, Castro's embrace of the Cuban Communists and his dependence on the Soviet bloc might have been unchallengeable. But while Castro was able to score victory after victory politically, he could not prevent the country from getting worse and worse economically. I became fully conscious of the seriousness of the economic decline when I read more than a year ago in one of Castro's own speeches that the Cuban *campesino* had become so "allergic" to the co-operatives that he had developed a "fear" of the very word (*Revolución*, November 11, 1961).

But the co-operatives were supposed to have been the very essence of this Cuban revolution. If the Cuban peasants now hated the co-operatives as much as Castro said they did, it meant that they had been producing less and less, that they had been fleeing from them, that what was supposed to have been the strongest point of the Cuban economy was really its weakest point and was responsible for a partial breakdown of the entire structure. These conclusions were later confirmed by Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, the Communist president of the agrarian-reform organization, INRA, who said that "the co-operatives were dead organisms with which hundreds and hundreds of members would have nothing to do," and that "the *cooperativistas* have lost enthusiasm for the co-operatives and have sought better ways of working on the People's [state] Farms and with private farmers" (*Revolución*, June 19, 1962). The end of the myth of the "peasant revolution" came on August 18, 1962, when Castro admitted the failure of the co-operatives, officially converted them into "state farms," and angrily attacked the *cooperativistas* as "semi-exploiters."

An Ambassador Departs

It took the Russians two weeks to react publicly to Escalante's downfall in March, 1962, and then an editorial in *Pravda* more or less gracefully accepted the accomplished fact. Castro, however, could do nothing worse to Escalante than to put him on a plane to Prague—a fate far less unpleasant than that suffered by others accused of far less costly crimes and misdemeanors.

Escalante's fate was soon shared by the Soviet ambassador in Havana, Sergei Mihailovitch Kudryavtsev, who since 1960 had been a conspicuous figure in Cuban politics. Unlike many Soviet envoys, he had never bothered to conceal his power or limit himself to behind-the-scenes activities. Kudryavtsev's departure from Cuba was embarrassingly precipitate. He had just made known that he intended to take a vacation in Cuba. He left as if he had not been given enough time to pack his belongings. Castro did not see him off, and the Cuban press did not pay the slightest respects to his past services.

There seems little doubt that Kudryavtsev had become *persona non grata* in Cuba. Since Soviet ambassadors do not carry out personal policies—though Kudryavtsev seems to have enjoyed an unusually free hand, testifying to the confidence the top Soviet leadership had in him—his abrupt departure could not have been without wider ramifications.

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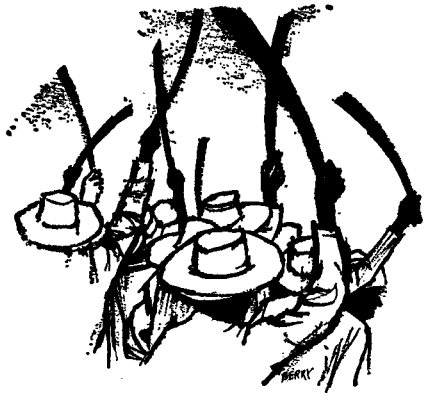
The Soviets were also deeply enmeshed in the Cuban economic deterioration. Lard and other fats had been rationed for the first time in July, 1961. The situation became serious enough for a production conference to be called the following month at which the line changed from euphoric self-congratulation to cautious self-criticism. By the beginning of 1962, the trickle of self-criticism had swelled into a flood, and all pretense that Cuba was getting better and better every day in every way was dropped. In mid-1962, the best news that spokesmen of the régime could muster was that Cuba had not yet reached the stage of hunger.

Economically, the Soviet bloc had overplayed its hand in Cuba. The entire propaganda machine had kept telling the Cubans that they were lucky to have the Soviets as their benefactors, that the cornucopia of eastern trade and credits was practically unlimited, and that innumerable new factories and even whole industries were about to be bestowed on Cuba. Soviet trade and credits did increase, to such an extent that Cuba became wholly dependent on them, but the factories did not materialize, and nothing seemed able to stop the downward slide of the Cuban economy as a whole. The more the Soviets poured in, the less the Cubans appeared to benefit.

THE HUMILIATION of Escalante and the mortification of Kudryavtsev were apparently too much for the Soviets. The spring of 1962 was a season of recriminations between Soviet-bloc representatives and the Castro régime. European diplomats and journalists could scarcely believe their ears as they were suddenly treated by Soviet-bloc diplomats and journalists to an outpouring of bitter complaints about Cuban waste, disorganization, and unwillingness to work. Warehouses were said to be full of crates with Soviet-bloc goods and machinery that had never been opened or had been mishandled and permitted to rot or rust. At the same time, the Cubans grumbled audibly that what they were getting from the Soviet bloc was too little and too late, that machines broke down because essential parts were missing or could not be replaced, and that many eastern products could not be integrated into Cuba's existing industrial plant.

Castro himself took note of the Soviet grievance that the Cubans had been resisting the "advice" of Soviet technicians. On June 29, 1962, at a farewell meeting for a group of Soviet technicians, he made this revealing statement:

"We know of our deficiencies; we know of many [Cuban] administrators who have no experience and, in



some cases, do not even have a high political level; and in other cases, do not have a high or a greater feeling of hospitality.

"And so we know that a [Soviet] technician who went to a state farm administered by an experienced, hospitable comrade, conscious of his obligations, would be very well treated. But we also know that there was no lack of places where the administrator received them coldly or with indifference, or was not sufficiently responsible to utilize the knowledge which you possess.

"And so we have had reports when in some state farms the technicians were not well treated by the administrators, or when the administrators did not make use of the knowledge of the technicians; reports of various kinds, reports like those of administrators who thought the way to treat the technicians well was to take them out, to offer them girls [laughter] . . ." (*El Mundo,* July 1, 1962.)

Indeed, Castro had long fallen into the habit of speaking of his own people with a peculiar kind of implied contempt. One of his favorite themes in the past year has been the backwardness and misery of the Cuban people, who should be thankful to the Russians, Bulgarians, Romanians, and the rest for lifting them to a higher standard of living and culture.

The Women of Cárdenas

June, 1962, was a difficult month in Cuba. One disquieting incident took place early that month in the city of Cárdenas in the province of Matanzas. A group of women "of the people"—that is, mainly housewives of peasant or working-class origin—came out into the streets beating pots and pans and crying that they and their families were hungry. No foreign observers were present at the scene, and those who tried to investigate later were given estimates that varied from two hundred to a thousand women. The entire country, however, soon knew about the Cárdenas demonstration because the régime was sufficiently alarmed to send tanks and machine guns through the streets and to rush President Dorticós to the scene to make a threatening speech. No attempt was made to conceal or minimize the seriousness of the incident. On the contrary, the régime took special pains to blow it up by putting the parade of tanks and machine guns and the Dorticós speech on television.

Dorticós himself explained the military display "as a warning and a reminder to our enemies, a modest sample of the military strength of a people in arms." He blamed the "difficulties and scarcities" on the "imperialist blockade" but admitted that "our errors and our shortcomings" had aggravated the situation. He denounced the women's protest as a "miserable and counter-revolutionary provocation" inspired by "imperialism." At one point he tried to stir the crowd to take such matters into its own hands.

"Do not permit a single provocation by the counter-revolutionary parasites in the cities! We will not have to use those tanks or those machine guns against them! You yourselves, comrades, are enough to crush them every day! If they repeat the provocation, our armed forces will not fail! The people out in the streets! The people masters of the street! No retreat or cowardice!" (*El Mundo,* June 17, 1962.)

Against women armed with pots and pans!

If the "imperialists" were really

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capable of provoking such a demonstration in the heart of Cuba, it would have meant that they controlled forces on the island far greater than anyone had imagined or than Castro had ever admitted. But Dorticós's charge was not intended to be taken literally or even seriously. Since the end of 1961, there has not been any effective underground in Cuba because of the remarkable system of spies and informers that have succeeded in infiltrating every opposition group.

WHAT WE KNOW about the second incident we owe mainly to Fidel Castro. Late that same June, the town of El Cano, near Havana, a humble little settlement, barely more than a few stores on a single street that cars speed through in a matter of seconds, brought down on itself the full wrath of the government. According to Castro, one of the townspeople was accidentally killed and another wounded when Cuban armed forces attempted to round up a group that had taken refuge in a thickly wooded area. Castro characterized the hunted men as "a group of elements," without definitely stating whether they were oppositionists, and the whole story is still obscure.

In any case, the townspeople were outraged by the killings. All the stores shut down in protest. The grocery closed. The pharmacy closed. The bakery closed. The protest was treated as if it threatened the very foundations of the régime. Castro himself spent half an hour in one speech telling how El Cano was punished (*El Mundo,* June 30, 1962). The grocer, the druggist, the baker, and all the rest found themselves attacked as the incarnation of the "bourgeois counter-revolution." Almost without exception, the shops were confiscated. Cars, trucks, and even telephones were taken away.

I do not mean to suggest that Castro was threatened with a vast popular uprising last June. Mass popular resistance was still largely passive and only burst into the open sporadically. But there seem to have been other incidents such as those in Cárdenas and El Cano, and for this reason Castro decided not merely to crack down but to do so with maximum publicity.

In any case, there can be little doubt that the growing crisis of the régime at that time was twofold—in its relations with both the Soviet bloc and its own people. Such incidents do not happen in totalitarian states unless popular resentments have built up dangerously and the ruling powers feel that they must use force to prevent explosions.

'Figurative' Language

An increasingly critical situation, then, confronted Castro and Khrushchev in Cuba last spring. They could not permit it to get worse without running the gravest risks. On July 2, the Cuban minister of the armed forces, Raúl Castro, suddenly arrived in Moscow. In the last week of July, a new and greater influx of Soviet matériel and personnel into Cuba began.

This new military build-up led directly to the missiles crisis in October. It has been generally assumed that the Soviet leaders decided to make Cuba into a nuclear base and that Castro, puppetlike, did their bidding. But is this the only possible explanation? Can it be that Castro needed no urging? that he wanted the missiles as much as or even more than the Russians did? The full story, if it ever comes out, may not be what most people have imagined or taken for granted. Meanwhile, we have only the known facts to guide us.

The first person ever to bring up the subject of Soviet rockets in defense of Cuba was Nikita Khrushchev. At a teachers' congress in the Kremlin on July 9, 1960, he declared: "Speaking in a figurative sense, in case of necessity, Soviet artillerymen can support the Cuban people with their rocket fire if aggressive forces in the Pentagon dare to initiate intervention against Cuba." By drawing attention to the Soviet rockets' range of eight thousand miles, however, Khrushchev indicated that he meant weapons stationed in the Soviet Union, not in Cuba.

Only twenty-four hours later, at a mass meeting in front of the Presidential Palace in Havana, Major Ernesto (Che) Guevara gave Khrushchev's words a Cuban interpretation that made the original seem somewhat pallid. "To invade Cuba now," he said, "does not mean that all its buildings would be destroyed by enemy bombs; it does not mean only that our children, our women, and our entire people would be massacred unmercifully by the air forces and the enormous superiority of the enemy. It signifies something more that the hierarchs of the north should think about: it signifies that atomic rockets can obliterate, once and for all time, the country which today represents colonial misery." And he added: "Cuba today is a glorious island in the center of the Caribbean, defended by the rockets of the greatest military power in history." At one point Guevara was so carried away that he said: "Today, by force of circumstances, we are, practically, the arbiters of world peace." (*Hoy,* July 12, 1960.)

APPARENTLY, however, the Cubans were not entirely satisfied with Khrushchev's peculiar use of the term "figurative" in connection with the Soviets' rocket threat. On October 22, 1960, Carlos Franqui, editor of *Revolución,* then the official organ of Castro's 26th of July Movement, interviewed Khrushchev in Moscow and tried to get him to make an unequivocal commitment. Franqui told Khrushchev of the imperialists' contention that the Soviets had merely made a "purely symbolic" pledge to use rockets if Cuba were attacked, and asked him what he thought of that. Khrushchev replied: "I should like such statements to be really symbolic. For this purpose, it is essential that the threat of the imperialists regarding intervention against Cuba should not be converted into military actions." But this answer also seemed to frustrate Franqui. He again tried to lead Khrushchev into saying something firmer by asking whether the Soviet rockets were adequately prepared if the imperialist threat existed and was carried out. At this point Khrushchev replied: "Unquestionably." But once more he hastened to add that it would be "better if there were no aggression, in view of the fact that we are doing everything possible not to have to launch rockets in the struggle."

This exchange was still curiously ambiguous and lent itself to different interpretations. The Cubans seemed to want to push the Russians farther

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than the Russians wanted to go. In January, 1961, Guevara stated categorically: "It is well known that the Soviet Union and all the socialist countries are ready to go to war to defend our sovereignty and that a tacit agreement has been reached between our peoples." (*Obra Revolucionaria,* January 25, 1961.)

Not much more was added to the Soviet and Cuban positions on this subject until mid-1962. But once again, it is interesting to compare how both sides handled the problem.

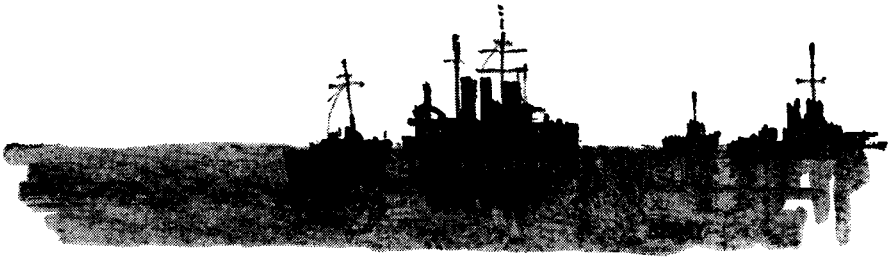
Advice from Moscow

As Soviet-Cuban relations began to show visible signs of strain, Khrushchev made a speech in Moscow for direct Cuban consumption. It was delivered last June 4 at a farewell meeting for a thousand Cuban youths who had just finished a year's training as agricultural mechanics in the Soviet Union. Khrushchev compared Cuba's growing crisis with that which had confronted the Russian Bolsheviks after they had beaten off their enemies in the civil war. He put it to the Cubans bluntly: "There are some who begin to say: What is this? Fidel Castro calls on us to make the Revolution; we follow him; we defeat Batista; and now meat is lacking, rice is lacking, milk is lacking. What kind of revolution is this?"

Khrushchev advised the Cubans that it would take more than heroism and arms to overcome these difficulties. The road was "long and not easy." He promised to continue sending "arms and other things" to Cuba, but he stressed that the construction of socialism and communism demanded "a high degree of consciousness, intelligence, and a great deal of work." He recalled that Lenin had solved the Soviet crisis by introducing in 1921 the New Economic Policy, which had "made concessions to capitalist elements within the country for the ultimate strengthening of the interests of socialism in the country." Lenin, he added, had also offered concessions to foreign capitalists. Some members of the Bolshevik party could not understand the necessity for the NEP and had thrown away their party cards, but he, Khrushchev, had marched with the party. (*Revolución.* June 4, 1962.)

It is fairly clear from this and other indications that the Soviet leaders were counseling the Cubans to take it easy, to make some concessions to the Cuban middle class, and even perhaps to start mending their economic fences with the United States. In any case, Castro did nothing of the kind. He seized on the incident at El Cano at the end of June to launch into one of his most bitter tirades against the "bourgeoisie." At almost the same time, however, Castro made his apology to the Soviet technicians; his brother Raúl flew off to Moscow at the beginning of July; and the new Soviet military influx began at the end of July.

JUST AS this influx started, Castro made a major and highly revealing speech on July 26, the ninth anniversary of his movement. He again whipped himself into a fever-



ish rage against both the urban and rural bourgeoisie, by which he once more meant, he made clear, storekeepers. To justify the rationing of food, he accused them of keeping shoes and food only for *burgueses* like themselves, as if Cuban storekeepers would care or dare to wage a class war against other types of customers. Perhaps next year, he even threatened, only workers, poor peasants, and small farmers would be permitted to go to the famous Varadero Beach. Nothing seemed further from his mind than a Cuban NEP.

At the same time, he made some allusions to Cuba's defenses which, in the light of what we now know, assume a considerable significance. He laid special stress on the idea that "the only danger that our country faces is the danger of the direct invasion by Yankee armed forces." The "mercenaries," he said, no longer constituted a danger because of the arms Cuba already had. The new arms, he insisted, were meant to enable Cuba to beat back a direct attack from the United States. Castro also bitterly assailed President Kennedy by name for having "made up his mind to attack our country."

As a matter of fact, in July, 1962, and for weeks thereafter, President Kennedy seemed intent on resisting the clamor for military intervention. But Castro needed a United States that was on the verge of attacking Cuba, and his vituperation became increasingly personal and offensive. Its high or low point was probably reached on October 10 when he said Adlai Stevenson looked like "a criminal," and had proven to be a "complete fraud," a "total deceit," and "as cynical and shameless as the other members of the Yankee ruling clique."

Castro thus aimed his main fire not at the pro-invasion voices in the United States, who were clearly representative of an irresponsible political minority, but at President Kennedy and Ambassador Stevenson, who were known to look with disfavor on any such immediate expedient.

A Warning from Washington

Another Cuban visitor, Minister of Industries Guevara, arrived in Moscow on August 27. A communiqué was issued on September 2 in which the influx of Soviet matériel and personnel into Cuba was openly admitted, though the initiative was carefully attributed to the Cubans.

Khrushchev's important speech to the Supreme Soviet on December 12 cast some light on the timing of the decision to send Soviet missiles to Cuba. According to Khrushchev, the Cubans had asked the Soviets for additional military assistance in the summer, and an agreement was reached to station "a few dozen Soviet ballistic rockets of medium range" in Cuba. This timetable would coincide with the arrival in Moscow of Raúl Castro on July 2 and the announcement of the Soviet-

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Cuban military agreement on September 2.

On September 4, two days after that announcement, President Kennedy reported that the Soviets had provided Cuba with short-range "defensive missiles." He denied that there was evidence of any "significant offensive capability," and warned: "Were it to be otherwise, the gravest issues would arise."

In a long communiqué, issued on September 11, the Soviet government repeated that it was sending a "certain amount of armaments" to Cuba, but it took unusual care to reassure President Kennedy that these armaments were "designed exclusively for defensive purposes." In order to be most persuasive on this point, it went to some trouble to stress that it was not necessary for the Soviet Union to shift offensive weapons to Cuba because Soviet nuclear rockets were so powerful that "there is no need to search for sites for them beyond the boundaries of the Soviet Union." Immediately thereafter, the communiqué came close to making an actual commitment by serving notice that if Cuba were attacked and asked for aid, the Soviet Union had "the possibility from its own territory to render assistance." This fell somewhat short of an outright pledge to use nuclear weapons in defense of Cuba, but the boast of Soviet nuclear prowess and the assurance of assistance were so closely linked that the implication was much stronger than the words.

In Cuba, however, nothing was left to interpretation or the imagination. The semi-official newspaper *Revolución* filled its entire front page with giant letters reading: "COHETES SOBRE E.U. SI INVADEN A CUBA" (Rockets Over the U.S. If Cuba Is Invaded). Castro made a magnificently defiant speech in which he denounced the public figures of the United States as "bullies, bandits, pirates, and freebooters" and told them that a mistake over Cuba would perhaps be their "last mistake." At this time, all Cuban propaganda was still about nuclear weapons in Soviet Russia, not in Cuba, but they had clearly become Castro's trump card. For more than a month afterward, Castro's declarations of faith in and expressions of gratitude to the Soviet Union were more enthusiastic and effusive than ever before.

"If the imperialists think that the warnings of the Soviet Union are mere words; if the imperialists do not believe—and let us hope that they believe—if the imperialists underestimate the solidarity of the Soviet Union with Cuba; if they make a mistake—and let us hope that they do not make a mistake—if they do not believe, if they do not know, we do know how far that solidarity goes!" he cried out on September 29. A fortnight later he spoke of "the Soviet people, that generous people, that healthy people, that people full of affection for our country and our people, who in defense of our revolution run the risks which its warning implies, which its position implies; that generous people which has helped us in such a manner, which

has demonstrated such extraordinary generosity and solidarity toward us."

While Castro and the Cuban press and radio were exulting over Soviet solidarity and generosity, President Kennedy was still surprisingly cautious for a man who had made up his mind to attack Cuba. In response to the Soviet communiqué of September 11, he indicated at a press conference two days later that he was not swerving from his policy of watchful waiting. He made clear that only the most peremptory imperative of national security, which he defined in terms of the range of the Soviet-installed missiles and jet bombers capable of carrying nuclear weapons, would change his mind. But, as on September 4, he warned that the United States would "do whatever must be done" if the seriousness of the Soviet military threat from Cuba increased to offensive proportions. As late as October 13, he spoke scornfully of the "self-appointed generals and admirals who want to send someone else's sons to war . . ."

Taken together, the Soviet communiqué of September 11 and President Kennedy's statements of September 4 and 13 constituted an implicit understanding. It was, in effect, based on the distinction between "defensive" and "offensive" weapons, and the Soviets could not complain later that the distinction was an artificial one, inasmuch as they themselves had made it.

According to President Kennedy, the "first preliminary hard information" that this understanding had been violated became available to him on the morning of October 16. What followed, of course, is the now familiar story of the steps that led to the President's announcement on October 22 of a "quarantine on all offensive military equipment under shipment to Cuba."

Castro Talks Big

From a purely Soviet point of view, it may be rather difficult to explain why the missiles in Cuba made a sufficiently important difference to justify the risks. After all, Khrushchev had protested again and again that the long-range rockets in the Soviet Union made missiles in Cuba unnecessary, and this reasoning was so persuasive that almost no one in the United States government expected the Soviets to put "offensive" missiles into Cuba.

We may get closer to an explanation if we try to fit the missiles into the Soviet-Cuban relationship. The missiles in Cuba may not have added decisively to the Soviets' military capabilities, but the same cannot be said of Cuba. There is reason to believe that if these missiles had ever become operational (which they might have been by the middle of November), the Castro régime would have flaunted them as proof that little Cuba could immobilize the great United States or, Samsonlike, bring the world tumbling down with it.

Castro unquestionably had them in mind when he began to boast back in July that Cuba could repel an attack by the United States. In

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any case, one thing, I think, is reasonably clear: the Soviets sent the missiles in a different spirit from that in which the Cubans received them, and the Soviets took them out in a different spirit from that in which the Cubans let them go. We are dealing here with two interests that intersected, not with one.

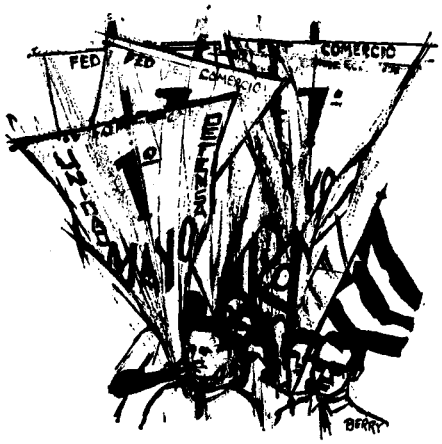
FIDEL CASTRO and the men closest to him evidently went through two phases in the missiles crisis. The first was one of utter defiance and barely suppressed rage. It began with defiance of the United States and ended with rage at the Soviet Union.

The difference between Havana and Moscow was immediately visible. In Havana, a general war mobilization was ordered at 5:40 P.M. on October 22, an hour and twenty minutes *before* President Kennedy announced the naval blockade. *Revolución* of October 23 filled half its front page with the words "LA NACIÓN EN PIE DE GUERRA" (The Nation on a War Footing). In Moscow nothing of the sort took place. *Pravda* of October 23 featured an article entitled "The Welfare of the People to the Fore!"—a dreary dissertation on Soviet economic problems.

Castro spoke on the missiles crisis for the first time on October 23. If any Cubans had not known about Mr. Kennedy's speech the day before, Castro read passages from it, interspersed with personal taunts and insults; he spoke of "the cynicism and shamelessness of this man," said that "what Mr. Kennedy is doing, in reality, is ridiculous," and called it "the declaration of a pirate." (The Soviet press never published this speech.) Castro scoffingly referred to the United States vessels in the blockade as *"barquitos"*—little boats. He categorically refused to permit the United States to determine what arms Cuba might or might not have. He vowed that Cuba would never be inspected by anyone, and to make his rejection of any inspection all the more uncompromising, he declared: "Whoever tries to inspect Cuba must come in battle array! This is our final reply to illusions and proposals for carrying out inspections on our territory." He also told his Cuban audience that they faced the alternatives of "total blockade or direct aggression," and assured them that Cuba could "resist" the former and "repel" the latter. He suggested that the "Yankee senators, imperialists, and millionaires" were more frightened of nuclear attacks than were the Cubans. "The shark is frightened," he scoffed, "and is calling to all the other little sardines to try to swallow the 'ex-little sardine,' Cuba." Almost as an afterthought, he expressed confidence in the Soviet Union and called its statement earlier that same day "firm," "serene," and "exemplary."

In this speech, Castro did not give himself or Khrushchev much maneuvering room. The "firm" Soviet statement of October 23 had stopped far short of threatening to meet any inspection of Cuba with force or of boasting that Cuba could under any circumstances resist a total blockade and repel a direct attack. Not only was Castro's reaction of October 23 much stronger than that of the Soviets; he had also anticipated and closed the door on the very proposal Khrushchev was soon to make.

Castro injected himself in such a way between Khrushchev and Kennedy that it is hard to believe that he and Khrushchev were co-ordinating their responses. Kennedy had handed Castro the ultimate affront by deliberately ignoring him. Khrushchev at first pretended that the missiles were Castro's business, but



Castro's intransigence quickly forced him to choose between negotiating with Kennedy before tackling Castro or negotiating with Castro before tackling Kennedy. He chose the former course, thereby easing his problem with Kennedy and exacerbating it with Castro. The only one who paid much attention to Castro during those days was the then acting secretary-general of the United Nations, U Thant, who first brought the Cuban leader into the foreground by addressing an appeal to him on October 24 and then by going to Havana to confer with him on October 30. In that period, U Thant did far more than Khrushchev to save Castro's face.

In his letters of October 26, 27, and 28, Khrushchev seemed singularly unimpressed by Castro's threat to fight any inspection in Cuba. In the second letter, that of October 27, Khrushchev proposed United Nations inspection in both Cuba and Turkey, as if getting their agreement would be an easy matter, but in his third letter, that of October 28, he conveniently forgot about both Turkey and getting an agreement from Cuba. Leo Gruliow has pointed out in the *International Press Institute Report,* published in Geneva, Switzerland, that *Izvestia* of October 28 carried Khrushchev's offer of the Turkish-Cuban deal on page 1, while on page 2 a Soviet commentator denounced the same proposal as evidence of "unclean consciences" in the United States. In any event, the Soviet and Cuban positions still seemed unco-ordinated.

THE FIRST REACTION in Cuba to the Khrushchev-Kennedy understanding came on October 28. The newspaper *Revolución* appeared with a four-page "extra," unusual in more ways than one. At the top of the front page were the words "IMPORTANT COMMUNIQUE BY FIDEL TO THE WORLD!" Then below the masthead was a banner headline: "VIVA CUBA!" The rest of the page was filled with three portraits—of Fidel Castro and the two legendary Cuban leaders of the war of independence against Spain, José Martí and Antonio Maceo—no Marx, no Lenin, no Khrushchev, no Mao. The second page was made up of two photographs, one of a tank and the other of armed militiamen. The third page contained Castro's communiqué in large type. It said, in effect, that Kennedy and Khrushchev had come to an agreement, but that he, Fidel Castro, would not recognize it unless five other conditions were met, including U.S. withdrawal from the Guantánamo naval base. The fourth

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page was completely filled with a photograph of Castro and the least controversial of his old guerrilla commanders, Camilo Cienfuegos.

On the same day, however, Raúl Castro delivered a speech in Santiago de Cuba that was somewhat different in tone. Of course Raúl reiterated Fidel's determination to resist and repel any direct attack by the United States. But he also insisted that Fidel had "left the way open for discussion with that same imperialism to resolve the problems" between Cuba and the United States. Usually the chief fire-eater in the family, Raúl now protested in Fidel's name, "We are for peace, we are for the peaceful solution of our differences." Raúl even put out a feeler for renewed diplomatic and commercial relations "with all countries of the world independently of their political and economic systems," which could only have meant the United States. It would be fool hardy to read too much into Raúl's speech, but it distinctly conveyed the impression that the Cubans—or at least some of them—were beginning to adapt themselves to Khrushchev's line.

U Thant's Gift to Castro

Fidel Castro's talks with U Thant in Havana on October 30 and 31 still gave no indication that the Cuban leader had mellowed. Castro indignantly rejected the idea that Cuba should unilaterally open itself to inspection or give up any arms it considered necessary to its defense. He did not intend to obstruct the withdrawal of the missiles, he made clear, but he put the responsibility wholly on the Soviets. Two days after Khrushchev had adopted what Mr. Kennedy tactfully described as a "statesmanlike" attitude, Castro continued to be defiant rather than conciliatory. U Thant, incidentally, gave Castro a curious insight into the way the Soviets had been taking Cuba for granted. After Khrushchev had announced that he would ask the United Nations to send teams to Cuba to verify the missile withdrawal, U Thant reported that it was he who had called the Soviet representatives' attention to the necessity of getting the Cuban government to consent.

U Thant's visit enabled Castro once more to go before the Cuban people and discuss the missiles crisis. In his speech of November 1, Castro spent more than half the time reading the full transcript of his first meeting with U Thant. The U.N. official agreed with Castro that the United States had no "right" to see to it that the withdrawal of the mis-

siles was verified; he even indicated that he had come to present the U.S.-Soviet viewpoint to the Cuban leader for his approval or disapproval, with the implication that Khrushchev and Kennedy were indirectly doing business with Castro through him. He carefully treated Castro as a head of government equal in status to Khrushchev and Kennedy. This may have been fully justified on the part of a U.N. official, but the approach gave Castro a standing in the struggle over the missiles that he had not enjoyed before.

In any case, Castro praised U Thant highly and commended the United Nations for its role in the crisis. It was clear from their discussion that Castro had hardened his position against any kind of inspection by the United Nations or, as the Soviets subsequently proposed, the International Red Cross, and that he would no longer compromise on this issue. He also cut off all retreat on his five demands of October 28, and by implication contemptuously dismissed the Khrushchev-Kennedy understanding: "We will not accept any little formula [*formulita*]."

A Family Quarrel

Unfortunately, the portion of Castro's speech that dealt with his relations with the Soviet Union was never published in full in the United States. For some reason only a transcript of the first half, dealing with his first meeting with U Thant, appeared in the New York *Times* of November 2. Inasmuch as nothing more revealing has yet come out of either Cuba or the Soviet Union on the Cuban-Soviet aspect of the crisis, it is well to know more fully—and literally—what Castro said:

"In the course of this crisis, it must be said that there arose during the development of the crisis some differences [*discrepancias*] between the Soviet government and the Cuban government. But I wish to say something to all Cubans: this is not the place where we should discuss problems; this is not the place where it could be useful or to enable our enemies to reap profit from those discussions. We have to discuss this with the Soviets at the level of government and the level of party, and sit down to discuss with them all that may be necessary in the light of reason and in the light of principles. Because it must be said that, above all, we are Marxist-Leninists! And we are friends of the Soviet Union! There will be no breaches between the Soviet Union and Cuba!"

Castro went on to express confidence in "the policy of principles" and in the "leadership" of the Soviet Union. He advised the Cuban people "to have confidence," "to analyze everything carefully, to make no premature judgments, and above all, to be disciplined" in order "to prevent the enemy from profiting from our impatience, from our judgments."

After this, as if he had gone almost too far in publicly admitting the strain that had developed between Cuba and the Soviet Union, his emphasis changed sharply and he made an earnest effort to stress the positive side of the relationship:

"And, above all—I say with absolute sincerity—there are things that I wish to say, because at this time, when a certain dissatisfaction [*disgusto*] may have been created because of these misunderstandings or differences, it is good to remember, above all, what it has done for us in each one of the difficult moments we have had, how the friendly hand of the Soviet Union has been here beside us in the face of each Yankee blow, economic aggression, the suppression of the sugar quota, the suppression of the shipments of oil to

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our country—in the face of each one of the aggressions, one after another, that we have received. And we are grateful, and we must say it here out loud."

He paid fervent tribute to the Soviet industrial and military technicians who had worked in Cuba; he revealed that several months before, the Soviets had decided to write off the debt for all the arms sent to Cuba; and he explained that the Soviets could make the decision to withdraw the "strategic weapons" because they had always been Soviet property.

Then Castro returned to the main theme: "And this is why I say that although we may have some well-founded reason for discontent with some fact, some detail, we now must more than ever remember how good, how generous, how noble, and how friendly the Soviets have been toward us."

In this key section of the speech, Castro said as little of the true state of affairs as he could decently say. He skimmed over the Cuban-Soviet "*discrepancias*" to avoid giving aid and comfort to the enemy. He admitted that if he had told more, the repercussions might have been dangerous. The remarkable thing is not that he said so little but that he said so much. Members of the Soviet bloc, unlike the western allies, never wash their dirty linen in public; if they so much as intimate that they have some, it is a sign of unusually acute trouble.

Castro's speech of November 1 showed that the first phase of defiance and rage had given way to a second phase of constraint and calculation. Castro could not afford to break with the Soviet Union as he had broken with the United States, and he clearly indicated that he as yet had no intention of making the same mistake twice. (I have heard that he used this very expression in nocturnal discussions with students at the University of Havana.)

Mikoyan's Extended Visit

Twenty-four hours after Castro's unusual speech, Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan arrived in Havana for, as he put it, "a comradely exchange of views" with Castro. So urgent and uncertain was this exchange that Mikoyan did not return

to Russia when his wife died on November 3. His visit stretched out to an unprecedented total of twenty-four days, nineteen more than it had taken him to clean up after the Hungarian upheaval in 1956.

The real significance of Mikoyan's visit will take some time to emerge fully. Nevertheless, the main outline seems reasonably clear from what we already know.

From the moment of his arrival, Mikoyan never missed an opportunity to speak out in praise of Castro personally, as if the Cuban leader needed constant reassurance and glorification to assuage his wounded pride. At the university, for instance, Mikoyan spoke of "that great leader of the Cuban people and loyal Marxist-Leninist" and the "legendary figure of the Cuban revolution" whose picture could be found in every corner of the Soviet Union. But Castro never bothered to return the favor. Not only did he have no kind words for any Soviet leader personally, but he made no public statement throughout Mikoyan's stay—and no report on it afterwards, as he had done on November 1 immediately after U Thant's visit. Indeed, Castro did not speak publicly for two full months after November 1. Such a prolonged period of silence on Castro's part has hitherto been ominous, indicative of inner storm and indecision.

At a meeting in Havana on November 6 commemorating the forty-fifth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, the speakers were the new Soviet ambassador, Aleksandr I. Alexeyev, and the "old" Communist Carlos Rafael Rodríguez. Though President Dorticós and Deputy Premier Mikoyan were present, Fidel Castro, Raúl Castro, and Che Guevara were not. Three days later, at another celebration at the University of Havana, the speakers were Alexeyev and another "old" Communist, Juan Marinello, the present rector of the university, whose resignation is now being demanded by many of the students. Again, those who stayed away were more notable than those who appeared.

In the midst of Mikoyan's visit, the Cubans inaugurated a "week of solidarity with the Venezuelan people." The Cuban press unleashed a campaign against the Venezuelan government, particularly against President Rómulo Betancourt, that was unprecedented in ferocity and provocation. The minister of education, Armando Hart, declared that the situation in Venezuela was similar to that in Cuba during the years 1956 to 1958 under Batista. In order that no one might miss the point, he prefaced this statement with the dictum that the class struggle should be waged in most of Latin America on the level of armed insurrection. While the Soviets were covering their missiles withdrawal in Cuba with a propaganda of peace and good will to everyone, the Cubans chose to assert that they had no intention of changing their aggressive line.

As soon as Mikoyan left Cuba, Guevara gave an interview to Sam Russell, the correspondent of the London *Daily Worker*, which published it on December 4. It was the first statement of its kind by a top Cuban leader in a month. "In the face of an aggressor like the United States," Guevara said unrepentantly, "there can be no other solution than a fight to the death, inflicting the maximum damage on the enemy." (Incidentally, it has been reported, and there is reason to believe accurately, that the *Daily Worker* did not print the entire interview. Two of the omitted sentences came just before these: "If the rockets had remained, we would have used them all and directed them against the very heart of the United States, including New York, in our defense against aggression. But we haven't got them, so we shall fight with what we've got.")

As late as December 7, Hart made a speech in which he declared that the Cuban people had been ready on October 26 and 27 for the "sacrifices

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that a nuclear war entails" in order "to crush Yankee imperialism definitively."

CONCRETELY, however, Mikoyan's labors seem to have delivered no more than an agreement to reach an agreement. The immediate result was a sixteen-member Cuban mission that left on December 5 to negotiate a new economic agreement in Moscow. The vagueness with which the results of this mission were reported—unlike previous Cuban-Soviet economic agreements, for which exact figures were made public—has given rise to the impression that the latest negotiation was not a resounding success from a Cuban point of view. The Cuban delegation was large enough to give representation not only to the "old" and "new" Communists but also to former non-Communist *Fidelistas* who had long been out of favor. Two names attracted particular attention: former Ministers Faustino Pérez and Enrique Oltuski, whose political careers have been like a fever chart of Communist power in Cuba.

Pérez had resigned in November, 1959, in protest against the arrest of Major Hubert Matos, who had tried to resist the Communist take-over of the rebel army. Oltuski was forced out in the summer of 1960 because he took an ambivalent position in refusing to fight for or against the Communists. After retiring from public view for about two years, first Pérez and then Oltuski began to make their comebacks, and in the last few months their pictures as well as their names have appeared occasionally in the Cuban press. Though the mission to Moscow was headed by an "old" Communist, Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, the inclusion of Pérez and Oltuski took on a significance far beyond their personal rehabilitation.

These aftereffects of the Cuban missiles crisis were symptomatic of a period of confusion and transition. The Soviets had been thrown on the defensive in Cuba, especially among the "new" Communists or former *Fidelistas,* but the Cubans recognized such a need for Soviet aid that even Guevara, one of those least reconciled to the backdown, paid lip service in the London *Daily Worker* interview to the eternal harmony of Cuban and Soviet interests. Whatever their own compunctions may have been, the Soviets could not bring themselves to give up carrying Cuba economically, at least until some new *modus vivendi* had been worked out. The Cubans were torn between their desires to show off their old bravado, as in the unbridled campaign against Venezuela, and to broaden the base of their support by encouraging a reconciliation with cast-off *Fidelistas.*

A Confused Legacy

In the end, these symptoms point to another major change in Castro's Cuba. Until the spring of 1962, Castro had narrowed his political base at home dangerously to the "old" and "new" Communists. The former could not have gained their power without him, and he did everything in his power to become one of and one with them. This alone makes nonsense of the view that *Fidelismo* and Communism were destined in the 1960's to be "natural enemies." Yet in this crisis Castro has not behaved as if he were just another Communist—or another Tito or another Mao.

It is, indeed, hazardous to try to understand Castro by thinking solely of Communists we have known. He did not come to Communism by the path of any other Communist leader, and his circumstances do not permit him to develop like any other Communist leader. In a sense, Castro does not belong in or out of any movement "naturally." As a personality, he could easily fit into the most contradictory movements, from the extreme Left to the extreme Right, as long as it was *his* movement and the future seemed mortgaged to it. In his own interest, he should have remained faithful to the movement that took his name and was wholly bound up with his person—*Fidelismo.* Whatever *Fidelismo* was, it was at least what Fidel said it was.

Castro has filled his inner emptiness at different times with different organizations, slogans, and banners. He has always been a leader in search of a movement to give some meaning and justification to his leadership. In this respect, he has differed from the traditional Latin-American *caudillos* who have been satisfied with nothing more meaningful or justifiable than their personal power. Yet he has not been able to submerge himself completely in any movement and has re-created whatever he has touched in his own image.

After the Escalante purge, for example, Castro ordered a reorganization of the ORI. Meetings were held in offices and factories at which the workers nominated and voted for those they considered best qualified to belong to the new party, called the PURS (United Party of the Socialist Revolution). In Havana, 38.9 per cent of the PURS membership is made up of these "exemplary workers." Whatever may be thought of this method, no Communist Party in the world has ever recruited members in this fashion. It was instituted in Cuba to enable Castro to break the stranglehold of the "old" Communists on the former ORI, and had little to do with his responsiveness to a democratically elected party. Nevertheless, it has diluted the typically Communist form of organization at the crucial level of membership, with unforeseeable results.

AT THE SAME TIME, the new bottles are still being filled with the old wine. With no ideology, literature, or cadres of his own, Castro cannot so easily put aside those provided by the Communists. The economic and political system is still modeled on the Soviet Union; trade is almost exclusively with the Soviet bloc; the bookshops are still glutted with Russian translations; students are still largely taught with Spanish versions of Russian texts. If Castro should vanish tomorrow, he would leave behind him an aura, a legend, a confused legacy, but the concrete facts of life would be not so much his as the Communists'.

In the missiles crisis, therefore, Castro could no longer give free expression to his feelings or obey his impulses. He was in good part a prisoner of circumstances, and those largely of his own making. He could not go on as before with the Soviets, and he could not go on without them. First he reacted resentfully because he did not have his own way, then more prudently because he also has a highly developed sense of self-preservation. Pres-

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ident Kennedy's challenge did not permit of easy choices, and Castro's defiance, rage, constraint, and cold calculation followed each other as a full realization of his predicament sank in.

The Russian Reckoning

For the Soviets, too, the time has come for a sober reassessment of the cost of Fidel Castro—as well as the return on its investment. This reappraisal might have taken place last spring when the political and economic strains in the Cuban-Soviet relationship began to show openly, but it was postponed by the agreement of both sides to make Cuba into a powerful military base. Had this effort succeeded, the Soviets would undoubtedly have considered themselves fully compensated, whatever their precise motives were. Its failure has surely raised the question in Moscow whether and to what extent Cuba has become too expensive a luxury. The missiles crisis was not the beginning of the problems the Soviets face in Cuba; rather it reopened and intensified the deeper problems that had been disturbing them for at least a year.

The Soviets have no easy solution in Cuba. They have invested too heavily to pull out willingly, even if they could bear to contemplate the defeat of a Communist régime anywhere. In his December 12 speech, Khrushchev made clear that the Soviets intend to stay in Cuba and work with Castro as long as they can. For months, the Cuban people have been bombarded with propaganda about the "irreversibility" of a Communist revolution. If this "principle" could be inculcated in enough minds, it would truly be of incalculable value to the Communists; it would mean that they can only advance from victory to victory. If Castro's régime should be overthrown, on the other hand, the negative consequences would also be incalculable; it would be a demonstration for the first time that Communist revolutions can be reversed.

Yet if the Soviets cannot pull out willingly, they cannot want to pour in any more than they have to. The immediate solution for them was suggested by Khrushchev last June in his reference to making "concessions" to "capitalist elements" inside and outside the country as the Russians themselves had made with Lenin's New Economic Policy four decades ago. Early in 1962 the Soviet ambassador in Mexico paid a visit to Venezuela and, among other things, made overtures to lighten the burden on the Soviet tanker fleet and cut the cost of renting foreign tankers by renewing the flow of Venezuelan oil to Cuba.

Those who think of Castro as a Soviet puppet, or as a potential Caribbean Tito or Mao, tend to miss the point. A puppet would never have forced a Soviet ambassador to get out, manifested his "differences" with the Soviet Union so openly, or made a Soviet deputy premier stay in Cuba for twenty-four days. Since Tito and Mao represent opposed tendencies in the Communist world, Castro can hardly go in both directions at once anyway, except in the sense that they are independent of Soviet power. In other respects, it serves little purpose to speak or write of Castro's coming Titoism or Maoism without some clearer definition.

In 1959, the Yugoslavs entertained some hopes or illusions that they could influence the Cubans, but they learned better by the following year. That the political stock of the Yugoslavs has not yet risen very high in Havana was suggested at the reception given by the Yugoslav ambassador to celebrate the Yugoslav national holiday on December 3. Only one Cuban cabinet member, Foreign Minister Raúl Roa, attended.

It is far more difficult to assess the influence of the Chinese Communists. With rare exceptions, recriminations between the Soviet bloc and China were long kept out of the Cuban press. The first open demonstration of Soviet-Chinese differences at the Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in October, 1961, could not be ignored, but the Cuban press handled it with meaningful discretion. Khrushchev's main speech was published in full in *Revolución* with big headlines streaming across the top of the entire page. Chou En-lai's reply was also published in full, but minimum attention was attracted to it by an inconspicuous one-column heading at the bottom of an inside page (*Revolución*, October 20, 1961). For a short time afterward, the Cuban press reported support for the Soviet position by Gomulka of Poland and other Soviet-bloc leaders, but nothing about any backing for the Chinese line.

Until the missiles crisis, whatever private sentiments one or another *Fidelista* may have had, Cuba was the "neutral" sector of the Communist world, almost certainly by mutual understanding. But it was the Communists' own version of "positive neutrality," heavily favoring the Soviet side by the overwhelming presence of the Soviet bloc in personnel, matériel, and publicity. Fidel Castro himself delivered many eulogies of Russia but none of China.

Economically, the situation greatly favored the Soviet Union. But the economic factor is not the only one. The chief issue binding Castro's Cuba and Mao's China is that of violence. This issue once separated Castro from the official Cuban Communists, who as late as 1957, when Castro was already fighting in the Sierra Maestra mountains, published an open letter to Castro's movement advocating a "peaceful expression of the popular will." Only in 1958 did the Cuban Communists jump on Castro's insurrectionary bandwagon.

This issue has also come between Castro and the official leaderships of the Communist parties of Latin America. The Venezuelan party has already paid a heavy price for its part in the unsuccessful uprising in that country last May. When *Fidelistas* laud the example of Cuba's armed insurrection, they are inferentially undermining most of the official leaderships of the Latin-American Communist parties, who have found that pro-Castro propaganda is not so effective in their own countries as it once was. Whatever Castro's régime may be doing in a practical way to organize violent revolutions in Latin America, it openly incites violence, in theory and propaganda, especially against the progressive administrations of Rómulo Betancourt in Venezuela and Luis Muñoz Marín in Puerto Rico.

Some Curious Hints

The missiles crisis, however, has raised some serious questions whether Castro may shift the emphasis of

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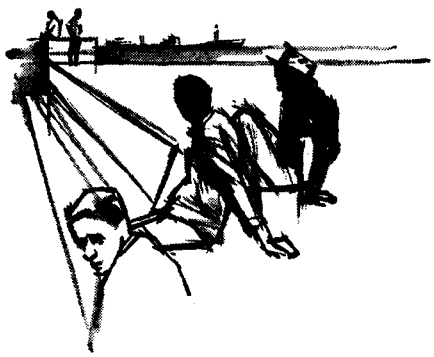

his "neutrality" in the Sino-Soviet conflict. The economic mission to Moscow was immediately followed by a similar mission to Peking. Some curious hints have come from Cuban overtures to China's ward, Albania. In November, for the first time, a group of Cuban youths were sent to Albania to study agricultural methods. For some time no member of the Soviet bloc in good standing has even sent a delegation to Albania. On December 4, the Albanian ambassador in Havana held a reception celebrating the anniversary of Albania's independence. Whereas only one cabinet member had attended the Yugoslav reception the previous day, six came to the Albanian affair, including Guevara.

The most striking evidence thus far of a Cuban shift in the Sino-Soviet conflict appeared in *Revolución* on December 17. The paper devoted almost a page and a half to the republication of an editorial that had appeared on December 15 in the *Jen Min Jih Pao* (People's Daily) of Peking, the official organ of the Chinese Communist Party. This editorial for the first time attacked the Soviet leadership by name and particularly implied that the Soviets had "capitulated" in the missiles crisis. "There are some Communists who laud that renegade from Communism, Tito, to the skies and are on intimate terms with the Tito group," the editorial complained bitterly. (A few days earlier, at the meeting of the Supreme Soviet, Khrushchev had carefully seated Tito on his left and Carlos Rafael Rodríguez on his right.) The eight-column headline in *Revolución* stressed the Chinese proposal for an international Communist meeting on the Sino-Soviet dispute, as if the Cubans could contemplate attending such a showdown.

Yet it would be a mistake to think that Castro is fighting anyone's battles but his own. In a larger sense, "Maoism" is most particularly relevant to a revolutionary movement in its struggle for power (a stage which Castro has passed but from which he cannot free himself emotionally) and least relevant to the efficient operation of a Communist economy (the present stage in Cuba). Castro's immediate internal interests tend to be linked with Khrushchev, his larger external ambitions with Mao.

WHERE ONE PLACES Castro's Cuba in the Communist world depends to a large extent on what one chooses to emphasize. A good deal is nothing but slavish imitation of Soviet Russia. The present party organization, however, might easily be described by a Soviet Communist as "extreme right-wing revisionism." On the other hand, the Castro line of revolution by insurrection in Latin America is closely related to China's "dogmatic left-wing sectarianism." The similarity, however, arises not from the fact that Castro is a Maoist but because *Fidelismo* and Maoism are in some respects, but hardly in all, parallel.

My own feeling is that the analogy with Tito or Mao is of limited usefulness and can lead to considerable confusion if pressed too hard. Castro's Communism is made up of disparate elements from the "Left" and "Right" of traditional Communism, together with a changing quota of improvisations, blunders, accidents, and the *Líder's* rather expensive fantasies. In effect, Fidel's Communism is not Titoist or Maoist but *Fidelista* in a peculiar mixture all its own. It is a variant, not a copy, of previous Communist revolutions.

Castro's Choice

The missiles crisis showed that the Soviet bloc had overextended itself in Cuba and that Cuba had overextended its dependence on the Soviet bloc. Neither could readily ease its position without making the other's worse. In these circumstances, Castro has had to juggle some explosively contradictory choices: economic dependence on Soviet Russia, revolutionary identification with Communist China, and the lure of at least a partial *détente* with the United States. If he accepted Russia's terms, he would gradually give up a good deal of his past free-wheeling; if he went all the way with China, the economic consequences could be catastrophic; if he sought an accommodation with the United States, he would run the risk of making a mockery of all that he has stood for.

Castro's first speech of 1963, on January 2, indicated that he had made at least a preliminary decision on which of these courses to adopt. His long and bitter abuse of President Kennedy appeared to rule out for the present any serious overtures

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to the United States. Instead, he seemed to have chosen to play a major role in the international Communist arena.

The most significant passages in this speech may well have been more disturbing in Moscow than in Washington. Whereas Castro had previously referred to the *"discrepancias"* between Cuba and the Soviet Union, he now used the same term to characterize the larger struggle in the Communist world, and he maintained that the latter "concerns us all." He defined Cuba's specific policy as follows: "We have the great historic task of carrying forward this revolution, of serving as an example for the revolution of Latin America and within the socialist camp, within the great socialist family, which is and will always be our family."

In effect, this speech signified that Castro had no intention of giving up Soviet aid but that he also had no intention of paying for it with a policy of moderation. He has apparently staked out for himself a Communist sphere of influence all his own in Latin America and offered to take a mediatory position between Soviet Russia and Communist China on a world scale.

Permanent Insurrection

This is obviously a most ambitious program for the leader of one of the smallest and weakest Communist states to adopt toward the two largest and strongest. In view of the diversity of Communist elements in Latin America and the still expanding Soviet-Chinese conflict, Castro's January 2 speech seemed to be asking for trouble inside as well outside the Communist world. It held out little hope of a breathing space for the Cuban people or a Cuban New Economic Policy to please the Soviets. It suggested that there may well be, if the Soviets put up with it, an inclination for Castro's foreign policy to be far more "Maoist" than his internal policy, which may continue to be closely co-ordinated with the Soviet bloc's economic plans and resources.

Instead of stabilizing his own revolution, Castro has again decided, in a desperate gamble, to use it as the first step of a Latin-American revolution based on the principle of permanent insurrection.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

'Work, for the Night Is Coming'

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

WHENEVER I think of the word "work" I first think of my Aunt Clara. Next I think of the hymn we used to sing so often in our North Dakota village church: *Work, for the night is coming,/Work in the noonday sun./Work, for the night is coming,/When man's work is done.* The logic of those verses has always eluded me, but their meaning has always been mysteriously clear, perhaps because I knew my Aunt Clara and so many others almost like her. Because I knew my Aunt Clara I am astounded at the number of people who seem to think of work as an abstraction—like Truth or Beauty. Sociologists, government experts, editors, commentators, union officials—even employers and employees—appear to be progressively more incapable of agreeing on a definition of the word "work."

I am not so rash as to rush in where sociologists fear to tread, and therefore I will not venture either into Webster's Third New International or into a definition of my own. Instead I will invoke the example of my Aunt Clara, who was, beyond all doubts of committees and experts, a worker. Furthermore, she earned her fame as a worker within a milieu of competition that has never since been equaled: she was the wife of a North Dakota farmer when wheat was selling for thirty cents a bushel and no drought-stricken acre yielded more than eight bushels of smutty wheat.

Aunt Clara's only virtue, only vice, only reward, was work. Such dedication, of course, does not preclude a prodigious social life. I remember the nights when I was sent groggily late to bed, stumbling up the circling dark triangular stairs in a sorrowful departure from the light and gaiety of eight tables of whist going below. And I remember when those same card tables laden with feasts for the Ladies' Aid seemed to cover the whole vast bare yard between house and barn. Now that I have matured into a timorous hostess of three-couple dinners, I think I understand some of the sources of her widespread reputation as a worker.

She had her moments of levity. I will not forget the friendly birthday spankings she gave me (she was not a small woman), or the times she actually spat upon a new pair of shoes I was proudly exhibiting. (It was a Midwestern joke to spit on new shoes, but my Aunt Clara was the only person who ever made an honest aim. She had a most literal mind.)

THOUGH we achieved a kind of understanding during the spanking and the spitting, I do not know exactly why I was sent every summer to spend two weeks on her farm, since I already lived on a farm myself—six miles away on the same dry, dusty North Dakota soil. My cousins and I were just the wrong ages for each other; the older one bullied me and the younger one provoked me. Thus I spent most of my visit following my Aunt Clara around the farm, and thus I observed Work in its pure form.

My own parents worked fourteen- and sixteen-hour days all summer, yet it always seemed that the household went to work at least an hour earlier at my aunt's. I remember a yawning and a shivering there that were not usually part of getting up at home on a summer morning. Certainly nobody stayed in bed once Aunt Clara was up. Everybody immediately set about doing something. Since it was far too early to set the table for breakfast (a hundred flies would have investigated every tine of every fork before we sat down to eat), there was only one thing for me to do besides swat flies, and that was to follow my aunt and uncle out to the morning's milking. At home I would have gone out to my swing

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in the grove, but there was no swing at my aunt's house.

They milked in the corral, because neither of them could be bothered to herd the cows into the barn unless the temperature had dropped below zero during the night. After nearly three decades have passed, I can still see my aunt—clad in apron, cotton stockings, Cuban heels, straw hat against the sun that would eventually emerge—striding into the corral, cornering a cow against a fencepost, balancing herself on a one-legged milking stool, butting her head into the cow's belly, and blasting streams of milk into a resounding pail—all within sixty seconds of entering the barnyard gate.

My parents used three-legged milking stools, and maybe that is why it seemed that my aunt and uncle worked so much harder. They couldn't take the time to sit while they milked eighteen or twenty cows. Work was much too serious to be sat down at.

Pail after pail came foaming to the cream shed, where it was hoisted high in Aunt Clara's dauntless arms and strained through cheesecloth into the separator bowl. But the pails were never heavy enough; the cows were not working hard enough.

It was the same with the dull red chickens scratching and dusting themselves in the fine black powder of their pen. When my cousins and I brought in the basket of brown eggs at night, there were never enough. What did those old hens *mean*, going into a lazy molt at this time of year? My aunt would go out there, come morning, and wring the neck of every molting chicken and can it up.

This was another small difference between my aunt and my parents. Neither my mother nor my father would wring the neck of a chicken. They used a sharp ax and the chopping block. But my Aunt Clara could not be bothered. She used simple muscle power. Work was work.

SHE FINALLY met her equals in the garden. The weeds and the bugs worked as hard as she did, and she therefore hated them with the same stark emotion she gave to work. She rewarded their monstrous presumption with monstrous efforts against them; nevertheless, her acres of peas, string beans, navy beans, tomatoes, ground cherries, dill, eggplant, Swiss chard, spinach, beets, carrots, potatoes, sweet corn, radishes, onions, turnips, rutabagas, cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, lettuce, cabbage, gladiolas, asters, and twenty other kinds of flowers were chewed up and choked out by what was, even in North Dakota, an appallingly outsized and colorful collection of inimical species. It was a juxtaposition of casualties in the garden war that revealed to me the compelling, awful, mysterious relationship between work and death that we sang about in church.

I was nearing the end of a long visit and trying to earn my keep as a seven-year-old by pulling the weeds around the plants while Aunt Clara hoed between the rows. Even for an endless North Dakota day, the afternoon was uncommonly hot. I wasn't paying much attention to the heat, though, because the day before I had found the biggest tomato worm in the world, and I was trying to hide him from my aunt till I could get him home. I kept him in a coffee can which I slid along under the tomato plants, ripping off a leaf now and then and dropping it down to him. I hadn't dared leave him at the house because my younger cousin would have stolen him to tease me.

He was at least five inches long and tautly fat, like an inner tube. His skin was a luminous green striped with white, and he had an obscene curving horn on his tail. He consumed enormous portions of tomato leaves and he deposited enormous turds on the shiny can bottom. I was leaning over him, protecting him from my aunt, when she cried out, "Oh, I can't see! Everything's black! I've got to sit down!"

She toppled backward, her legs sprawling, her flowered apron fluttering, her dress exposing the gartered stretch of white thigh between stocking and corset that signifies a woman's mortal undoing. She lay gasping, her hand gesturing queerly till at last it found her eyes and covered them from the diligent sun. Her dislodged hat rustled nervously in the burning breeze, then sidled jerkily away down the row—as if escaping from a ghost.

My instincts were to follow the hat, but my brain failed to give the proper orders to my limbs. My head, like the sun, contained nothing except lucid flame, and the message came from the sun to me without words: Work is what you do till you die. When you can't see and everything goes black, then you have to sit down. Work, for the night is coming, when man works no more.

But it was obvious that the connection between work and death was much more subtle than a gross cause and effect, for presently my aunt sat up, pulled her dress over her knees, and sent me to fetch her hat and a dipper of water. She drank the water, pulled herself up with the hoe, reckoned the day was hotter than she had thought it was, and went on down the row.

I was afraid to stay with her and afraid to leave her to collapse again, all alone, and die out there of sunstroke. She would pause, lean on the hoe, breathe deeply, and rub the itching dark wet line her hat made on her forehead. "I can't understand it," she repeated. "Everything went black. I couldn't even see."

I CRAWLED ahead of her up my row and rolled my worm out into hers. All the pairs of his blunt green feet scrabbled for cover, but he wasn't quick enough.

"Well, *I declare!*" exclaimed Aunt Clara, her merciless vigor restored. "I *never* saw a tomato worm the size of *this* one!"

She attacked as she would have attacked a rattlesnake or a dragon. She raised her hoe, as I knew she would, and chopped my worm in halves.

As he squirmed out his preposterous green guts, I thought about how hard he had worked to digest all those leaves and now he would never be a butterfly. This was the last anybody would ever hear of him—unless my aunt should happen to tell my uncle about him that night at the supper table.

The work of one creature meant the death of another. The worm killed the tomato plant; my aunt killed the worm; the sun, in a manner of speaking, would finally kill my aunt. Work and death—two things equally ineluctable, equally significant, equally definite—so oddly connected in so many ways.

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BOOKS

Literature Under a Deadline

GEORGE STEINER

WILLIAM HAZLITT, by Herschel Baker. *Harvard University Press. $10.*

History tempts reason with a lure of order. The mirage of recurrence and cyclical patterns draws us. At sober range, the evidence for historical repetition usually fades into spindrift. But there are instances which can be enforced, where the sense of parallel has concrete, detailed authority. The history of English literature and liberal thought offers at least one striking example of *déjà vu:* the progress of spirit from ecstatic hope to bitter disillusion, with its accompaniment of mutual betrayal and remorse, occurs twice, in ways closely similar, in the years following the French Revolution and after the Bolshevik seizure of power in 1917.

To the English poets, 1789 was New Year's Day of the millennium. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," wrote Wordsworth, "But to be young was very heaven!" The doors of history had swung open on to a blaze of noon. Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey walked the earth like men intoxicated. Years later, in scornful remembrance, Hazlitt recalled how Coleridge spoke in those early, marvelous hours: "You then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of a Jacob's Ladder." The pun is deep and, no doubt, inadvertent, for the ladder was Jacobin.

There were John Reeds: Wordsworth hastened to France and thought of offering his services to the Revolution. In England, radicals suffered prison and deportation for expressing militant sympathies with what Fox called the happiest event in the history of man.

When the eloquence of Burke and the cold instinct of Pitt swung England into war against France (1919 and allied intervention against the Soviets), the radical poets, no less than western pro-Communists of the 1920's, turned bitterly against their own land. Southey hinted at regicide; Wordsworth prayed that French arms might prove victorious over Tory repression; Coleridge saw in inward treason the necessary defense of liberty:

Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang
defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling
lance . . .
For ne'er, O Liberty, with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy
flame;
But blessed the paeans of delivered
France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's
name.

BUT SOON came the chill of the Moscow trials. When Robespierre hounded the Girondists to their deaths, and Jacobin terror destroyed those who had been the Radeks, the Kamenevs, the Trotskys of the French Revolution (Vergniaud, Hébert, Danton), the poets watched shocked and bewildered. In his ringing *Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff,* Wordsworth argued precisely as did the apologists for Stalinism in the 1930's: if there were savageries and instances of injustice in the French revolutionary régime, it was because of the "immense reservoir of guilt" accumulated by previous oppression, and because France was beleaguered by imperialist foes who would not let the Revolution take its natural, liberal course.

The death of Robespierre brought momentary relief, exactly as did Stalin's gestures toward a more liberal constitution. Hearing the news, Coleridge and Southey wrote an impassioned liberal drama, and Wordsworth exulted: now "madding Factions might be tranquillised" and "the mighty renovation would proceed."

The hope proved idle: Napoleon swiftly harnessed the energies of the Revolution to personal ambition and expansionist nationalism. What the Hitler-Stalin pact and the murder of Trotsky were to the liberal camp followers of Soviet rule and to leftist poets of the Spanish Civil War, the French invasion of Switzerland and Napoleon's judicial assassination of the Duc d'Enghien were to the romantic generation. Bewilderment turned to frenzied remorse. Coleridge cried out:

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those
dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud
lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent.

The editors of the *Morning Post* welcomed the lost sheep back to the patriotic fold: "What we most admire is the *avowal* of his sentiments, and public censure of the unprincipled and atrocious conduct of France."

Remorse soured into recantation, often servile and hysterical. Wordsworth became the trumpet-voice of English nationalism; in verse of an undeniable Miltonic splendor, he called for the extirpation of France. Southey put his erudition and serene prose at the service of extreme reaction; no ferocity was too sordid if it could preserve the social order from the virus of class insurrection and Jacobin subversion. Coleridge spun out of his clouded genius a subtle doctrine of traditionalism and religious governance. The writers who had hoped best or most naïvely (Spender, Silone, Koestler, Malraux) became the official voices of remorse. Like a number of ex-Communists of recent experience, such men as Southey denounced their former radical associates. And they were rewarded by a grateful or cynical Tory establishment. Southey became Poet Laureate and hymned George III; Wordsworth succeeded him in that puerile office and wrote sonnets in support of capital punishment. The wheel had come full circle.

But with a vengeance. In a way that anticipates—by close, illuminating analogy—the later careers of such poets as Auden, Spender, and MacNeice, or of such novelists as Malraux and Silone—the inspired sensibilities of the 1790's wilted. In complex, individual ways, the failure of radical hope and the false zest of reaction crippled the imaginative powers of the first romantic generation. There fell upon poets and

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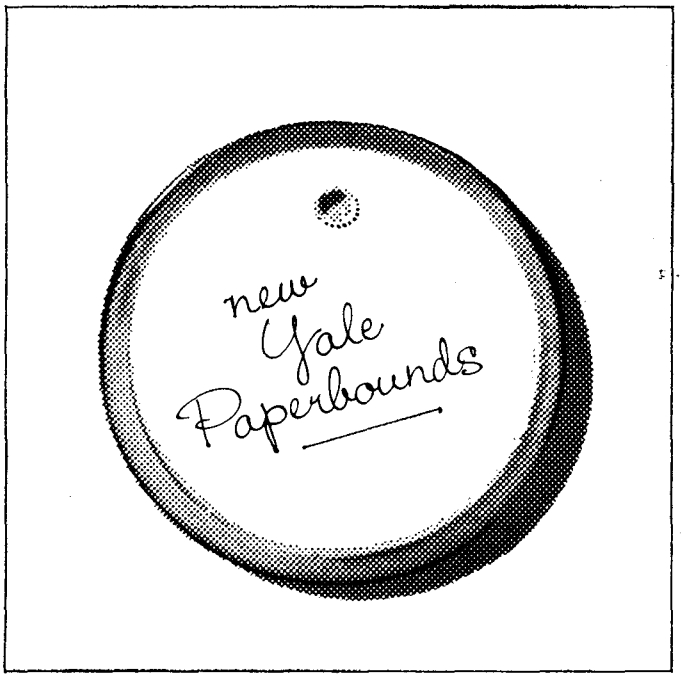

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visionaries what Coleridge described, magnificently, as "A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear." Of a similar grief, caused by what he saw of Stalinist work in Spain, Orwell made his desperate parables. A central nerve had been broken. The later poetry of Wordsworth has the worn, professional air we find in the post-radical verse of the 1940's. The deliberate turn to the cult of private life and landscape yielded high lyric values, but let us not forget how much there was in it of retreat.

A tiny group stuck it out. Blake persevered in a mythology of apocalyptic liberation (rather like the continued determination of Sean O'Casey and Picasso to see in Stalinism and Soviet policy the shape of a dove). Byron adopted an aristocratic radicalism and lamented the fall of Napoleon. But no one remained truer to himself and to revolutionary convictions than Hazlitt. For him (unlike Howard Fast) there came no Budapest, no outrage of Napoleonic rule great enough to make him recant. He would not swerve. Almost his last work was a defense of Napoleon's career and an affirmation of belief in the ultimate validity of the Revolution. One after another, the friends and patrons of his youth shuddered away. Hazlitt denounced them as turncoats, informers, lackeys of reaction.

PROFESSOR BAKER has rightly made of his massive portrait of Hazlitt a study of ideas and political stress. As in the 1930's, so in the late 1790's and during the period of the Napoleonic challenge, ideological conflict and nuances of partisan feeling shaped private lives among the intelligentsia. In fact, these are the two moments in English literary history when we can speak of an intelligentsia in the proper sense. Hazlitt breathed ideas; they were in the substance of his feverish gusto. Hazlitt lived in a "state of perpetual litigation with the community." The best of his writing is thrust and parry. Nearly always it springs from local occasion. That is the major fact in any estimate of the man: he was the first journalist to make of his hurried craft a classic literary achievement.

Journalism had its eighteenth-century lineage; Defoe, Swift, and Johnson often wrote from ephemeral motives. But with the urgency of political crisis and the development of a new bourgeois reading public in the early nineteenth century, periodical writing entered its major phase. There has never again been a gathering of journals to match the stylistic brilliance of the *Edinburgh,* the *Quarterly, Blackwood's,* the *London Magazine,* the *Liberal,* the *Examiner.* Some of these were short-lived, but each won its place in literature. They assailed, enlisted, and employed Godwin, Southey, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, Byron, and Keats; later, they gave to Mill, Macaulay, and Carlyle their natural medium. We owe to the mingling of private voice and public matter devised by such editors as Jeffrey, Lockhart, and John Scott, the art of Charles Lamb, the shape of modern dramatic criticism, the techniques of the profile and essay review.

Hazlitt was thirty-four when the failure of his careers as metaphysician and portrait painter edged him into journalism. After that he never slipped out of harness. Professor Baker estimates that in twenty harassed years he wrote three million words of copy. The wonder is that so many of them retain their strength and truth of feeling. The gallery of profiles in *The Spirit of the Age,* the essays of *The Round Table,* the feuilletons collected as *Table-Talk,* the memoirs of the Lake Poets, the papers on Rousseau, "Reason and Imagination," on prize fighting and Shakespearean acting, on Hogarth and "The Fear of Death"—all were composed under the goad of a deadline. Yet it is a plain fact, and Professor Baker's meticulous record should establish it for once and all, that Hazlitt is among the supreme writers of English prose. He stands beside Swift and Burke.

Always he dreamt of clearing his desk and getting down to "the real thing." Exasperation made his spirit raw. He fought with others because he quarreled constantly with his own hopes. Only Lamb kept faith. But necessity had found out Hazlitt's true genius. His larger works, the *Essay on the Principles of Human Action* and the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte,* are feeble. It was over the short distance, in the twenty-page essay or article, that Hazlitt triumphed. The virtue of his style derives from a concentrated singularity of mood—sarcastic or reminiscent, acid or playful. His power lies in a rich brevity.

Hazlitt's essential limitation (Professor Baker fails to note it) was psychological; it sprang from the peculiar indirection and second-handedness of a critic's art. He saw reality through a curtain of print. Other men's writings, pictures, and ideas became the staple of his own feelings. The sovereign touch he possessed when picking up a book failed him utterly in the immediacy of personal experience. This is where the ruin of his marriages and the macabre fiasco of his infatuation with Sarah Walker are relevant. There is a sharp-sightedness of the reading eye which can grow to a blindness of life.

But enough of Hazlitt's work endures to justify the aloneness and self-destruction of his ways. It justifies also the care lavished on this major piece of intellectual history and portraiture.

Long Count

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THAT SUMMER IN PARIS, by Morley Callaghan. *Coward-McCann. $5.*

When Morley Callaghan set off for Paris in the summer of 1929 it was a wonderful moment in a young man's life: Max Perkins at Scribner's had accepted a novel and a book of his short stories; Fitzgerald and Hemingway had praised him. Now he was leaving Toronto—it is exciting to leave home if only for a while—and he was going to be with men he admired and talk with them about writing. Hemingway and Fitzgerald did talk with him, and at rare moments interestingly enough about their work and plans, but the world into which they admitted him, far from being the republic of letters, was a private world that swirled grotesquely with "fierce passions and wounded pride."

Fitzgerald told Callaghan that he had always been a poor boy in a rich

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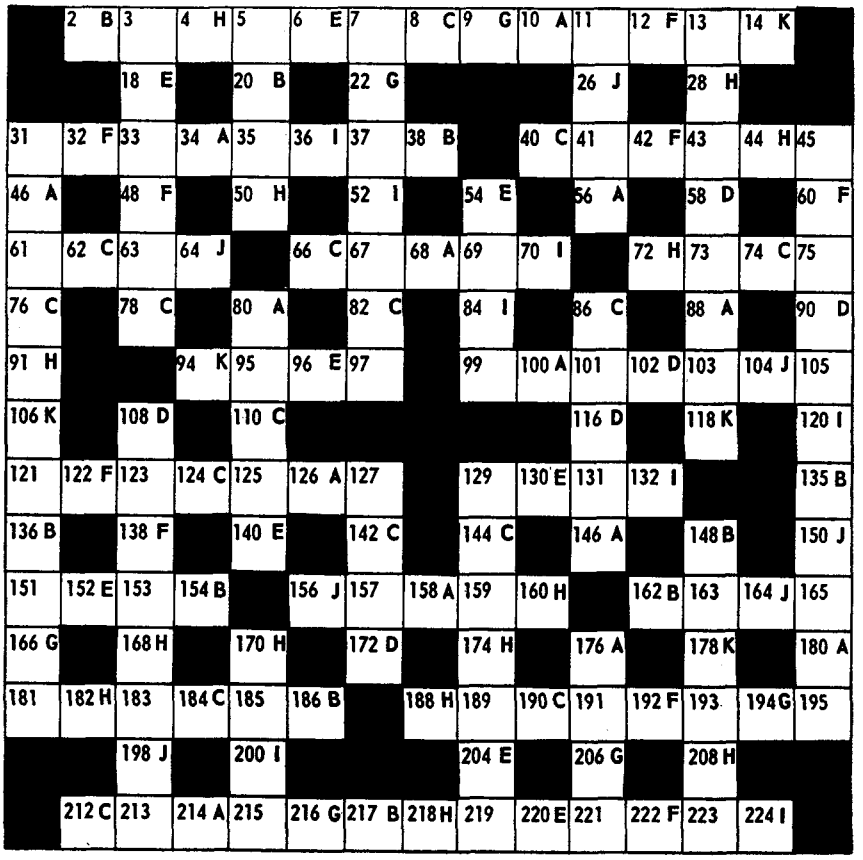
THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 70

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
214 126 46 100 10 180 56 88 176 68 34

158 80 146 "Liberty means_____. That is why most men dread it." Shaw, "Maxims for Revolutionists."

B
20 2 162 136 148 135 154 38 217 186 A college in Los Angeles.

C
66 76 40 82 144 124 184 86 212 74 8 110

142 62 190 78
"For God's sake, let us _____
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."
Shakespeare, "Richard II" (3,4,3,6).

D
108 58 116 90 172 102 "Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid _____." Gilbert, "Patience."

E
220 6 18 204 96 130 152 54 140 The first weekday after Christmas (British) (6,3).

F
60 42 138 12 222 192 122 48 32 A certain indefinite kind of measure, of rope, for example (1,6,2).

G.
9 216 194 206 22 166 "Words are wise men's counters, they do but_____with them, but they are the money of fools." Hobbes, "Leviathan."

H
218 50 72 188 91 44 168 170 182 28 174 4

160 208 A term sometimes applied to the group of young advisers of President Kennedy (3,8,3).

I
36 120 52 84 224 200 70 132 Applied to the heavens devoid of life or activity (5,3).

J
198 64 164 26 150 104 156 A pattern, usually consisting of a thin plate or piece of wood.

K
178 106 94 118 14 Records a television show for future use.

ACROSS

2. Meeting place on which plebeians may agree? (6,7).
31. Is the farm left? It's well off anyhow.
40. After tea permit a kind of candle.
61. Unadulterated when it goes with Simon.
66. Kilns may creep?
72. We may sharpen in degree, whether or not pointed.
94. Cooking utensils without results.
99. A monkey wrench beginning with 94 about.
121. With the basis of proof or, I hear, them.
129. Goes with plug, stepsister, or duckling.
151. A god of good intentions.
156. The Tiber may have a group of people on its bank.
162. A lake for a singer.
181. The kind of success popular with communicators.
188. A fact's in dispute with zealots.
212. A kind of age for former transportation (5,3,5).

DOWN

3. Place prominent in recent activities of the Acrostician.
5. A grimace a mouse might make when he loses a shilling.
7. Bewilder negatively.
11. A tree found in a spa, you know.
13. Help dine and wine this lady.
31. Breaths of hopes.
45. Put the term on Wales for fruits.
54. Picnic participants found in pleasant surroundings.
80. Linger for art on the railway.
86. The score is all in Mr. Cobb's keeping.
108. Ties gone? He's looking after them (6,2).
127. Utopian? Not less!
129. It would seem that the queue can't hang down if we reproach it.
148. The cur holds metal, and his owner is being excessively fond.
170. A news agency of the Socialist Assembly.
176. The capital of the Indaba Kulak region.

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man's school; now he was a rich boy thanks to the sales of his books, but he still desperately wanted to be seen walking about on terms of casual intimacy with the captain of the school. He knew that Callaghan boxed regularly with the hero; he tried to reach Hemingway through Callaghan. It just happened that Hemingway would like to have been but was not the captain of the school. He was always doing things slightly out of character: for instance, boxing one day with Callaghan, he spat blood from a cut lip straight into Callaghan's face. "That's what the bullfighters do when they're wounded. It's a way of showing contempt," he said solemnly, leaving Callaghan to wonder "out of what strange nocturnal depths of his mind had come the barbarous gesture." Hemingway, a bigger man, thought that he was also a better boxer. He warned Callaghan not to crouch so low, a solicitude that hurt Callaghan's pride.

One day Fitzgerald's hopes were fulfilled; he was permitted to be with the two while they sparred, and that was the day everyone's pride was hurt. Fitzgerald, functioning as timekeeper, was so engrossed watching his hero that he gave a round an extra minute—an error that proved more serious than the Gene Tunney long count, since literary historians will forever be recalling it. During that round Callaghan knocked Hemingway down—not out, just down.

MUST ONE GO ON with this nonsense? One must, since the incident furnishes the theme of *That Summer in Paris*. Hemingway turned savagely on Fitzgerald; Fitzgerald was mortified, heartbroken; Callaghan was distressed. Eventually the fight got into the New York papers. There were accusations, explanations, denials, and apologies. Callaghan, who had gone to Paris to be with his heroes, returned to Toronto on very bad terms with both of them. Patient, generous to both, and sensible, he went back to work. Shortly before Hemingway died, he conveyed his best regards to Callaghan in the course of an interview. Surprisingly, Callaghan seems to have been glad to get them.

A speculation may provide an escape from this suffocating little world, in which so-called "fierce passions" flickered like candles at a tea party and went out. There were Americans in Paris of 1929 who sold radiators, or worked in banks, or simply were snobs—an earlier wave of immigration, an earlier boat train—who spoke French, read French newspapers and books, and cultivated the French. These were not amused by scenes created by their compatriots. They rushed aghast out of Lipp's when they saw Fitzgerald come in. Like the meekest of tourists, they tried to find out something about French painting, going from gallery to gallery; like the most conscientious of visiting students, they fought the red tape and read in the Bibliothèque Nationale, visited the Jardin des Plantes, listened to concerts; like simple Americans traveling in their own country, they unashamedly admired what there was to admire. Unlike Hemingway and Fitzgerald, these people, even the snobs among them, were open to experience.

What it finally comes down to is that they were open to the experience of discovering that there can be no return across the seas their ancestors had crossed. Such people as these—the unfortunate and the earnest—found that they were trying to bridge a gap that cannot be bridged. They can have little sympathy for the dreary Paris capers of such writers as Hemingway and Fitzgerald who never tried at all, for they cherish their own failure too deeply. «»

The Worst Battle

SAREL EIMERL

THE PRICE OF GLORY: VERDUN 1916, by Alistair Horne. *St Martin's $5.95.*

The best-seller military history is at first sight a curious phenomenon. A book such as *The Longest Day* describing some recent battle might be expected to interest those who took part. But why should large numbers of civilians want to bother with the dusty details of some bygone conflict fought before they were born? The story is always the same: two or more groups of men attempt in monotonously conventional ways to destroy each other. The reader usually knows how the story will end. Yet every few years another half-forgotten campaign is disinterred and—like *The Reason Why, Gallipoli,* or *The Guns of August*—lands high up on the best-seller list.

Why? The subjects of these best-sellers themselves offer a clue. All were campaigns distinguished above all else by the stupidity of the generals, sometimes on one side, sometimes on both. No one, as far as I know, has written a best-seller about a campaign dominated, like Blenheim or Austerlitz or the 1940 blitzkrieg against France, by the military genius of the victor. Readers, one must assume, get more pleasure from reading about a shambles like Fredericksburg or the ineptitude of Lords Raglan and Cardigan. In other words, what they most enjoy is that wonderfully soothing sense of gratification which can be induced by reading about the follies of the great—especially if the great happen to be both smug and arrogant, characteristics in which generals habitually outshine every other group, except perhaps politicians.

ALISTAIR HORNE'S story of Verdun is an admirable example of this kind of military history. It is thoughtful, well written, dramatic, thoroughly researched, and almost unbelievable. Field Marshal Montgomery has described it as "almost like a historical novel." He underrates it. The book is not at all like a historical novel because no novelist would have the nerve—or perhaps the imagination—to invent such an incredible tale.

The attack on Verdun, which began on February 21, 1916, was planned by the chief of the German General Staff, General Erich von Falkenhayn. Knowing how much Verdun meant to the French, he assumed—correctly—that they would fight desperately to hold it. As the battle developed, more and more of the French Army would be sucked in and so "the forces of France will bleed to death." This plan ignored the fact (obvious to the reader in his armchair) that while the French Army bled to death, so would the Ger-

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man. Falkenhayn did not confide his real intention to the German commander in the field, the Crown Prince, who naturally assumed that the offensive was intended to capture Verdun. Thus the German commanders were at cross purposes from the start.

In the meantime the French were in equal confusion. Their high command fully realized the importance of Verdun; losing it would open the road to Paris. Nonetheless, they had thinned out the defenses and even moved away many of the guns stationed in the line of forts that protected Verdun itself.

The German attack came as a surprise and in the first five days advanced rapidly against the crumbling French defenses. Had Falkenhayn thrown in the two reserve divisions he had waiting, Verdun would have been captured within the week. But that would have wrecked his bleeding plan. The French were therefore allowed time to recover, but not before the Germans had won a remarkable success. The most powerful of the forts guarding Verdun was Douaumont. Bristling with guns, it was considered impregnable. But in the confusion of battle the French somehow forgot to put a garrison inside it, and it was taken almost without a fight by a couple of wandering German platoons.

So far, even allowing for some casualties, the story is almost an entertainment. But gradually the tone changes and takes on the peculiar horror, unique in all the history of war, of the Western Front. The bleeding process began and once begun could not be stopped. For Verdun became a symbol, the supreme test, as Horne puts it, of the virility of France and Germany. Neither side felt it could afford to retreat. Throughout the spring and summer, men were sucked in by hundreds of thousands to live and die in conditions that defy convincing description. The enemy ceased to be the other side. It became the battle itself, which seemed to take on a monstrous personality of its own.

When the battle ended, after ten months, the French had pushed the line back almost to the starting point. No one knows the exact number of casualties. Horne estimates that altogether about 420,000 men died at Verdun and about 800,000 were gassed or wounded. He calls it the "worst" battle in history. Others might choose the Somme, where more men died, or Passchendaele, perhaps even more ghastly because more pointless. More than forty years after, it is still impossible to read of these battles without being sickened and enraged by the savage, self-righteous idiocy of Haig, Joffre, and their staffs, all safe and cozy far behind the line.

Verdun was a tragedy that was to have tragic consequences long after. The French, who had held it, developed the Maginot mentality, still retained at Dienbienphu. The Germans, who had failed to take it, learned the lesson and developed the panzers. But though Verdun held, the battle broke France's martial spirit. About seven-tenths of the French Army served at Verdun, and memories of the slaughter, Horne suggests, were largely responsible for the French reluctance to stand up to Hitler in the 1930's and, in 1940, to fight with resolution. It is easy now to sneer at the appeasers, but reading about Verdun causes one to remember that to the survivors war meant Verdun or the Somme, and that to those who remembered, almost any alternative seemed preferable.

"They will not be able," wrote one French lieutenant, "to make us do it again another day." Perhaps the one happy reflection inspired by Horne's chronicle of horrors is that no one, at least in the West, had to do it again. If the politicians didn't learn, the generals did. In the Second World War, they tried to make life tolerable for their men and to keep the casualties down. The men who fought at Verdun, Horne observes, "seem to belong to an age a thousand years removed from our own." Between the wars, Verdun became a shrine; perhaps, to some mourners, it remains one. But since 1916, the false glitter of patriotic glory has been dulled, and now: "If you sit long enough on one of the forts, . . . perhaps a young shepherd with a torn trilby will come up to you, and divining your thoughts will remark scornfully: 'They must have been mad, *ces gens-là.*'"

"As the learned *astronomers unravel the ciphers radioed from space they may find they know more about Venus than they do about their wives. But whether in science or art or love man cannot flee the irony of his condition; and so let us proceed with this science, and welcome the clarification of those cabalistic radiograms from the abyssal distances: 21, 5'6", 125, 35-24-36. . . .*"

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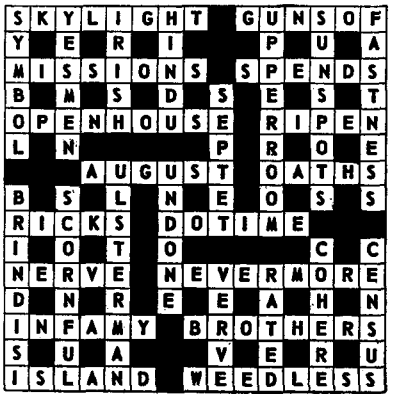
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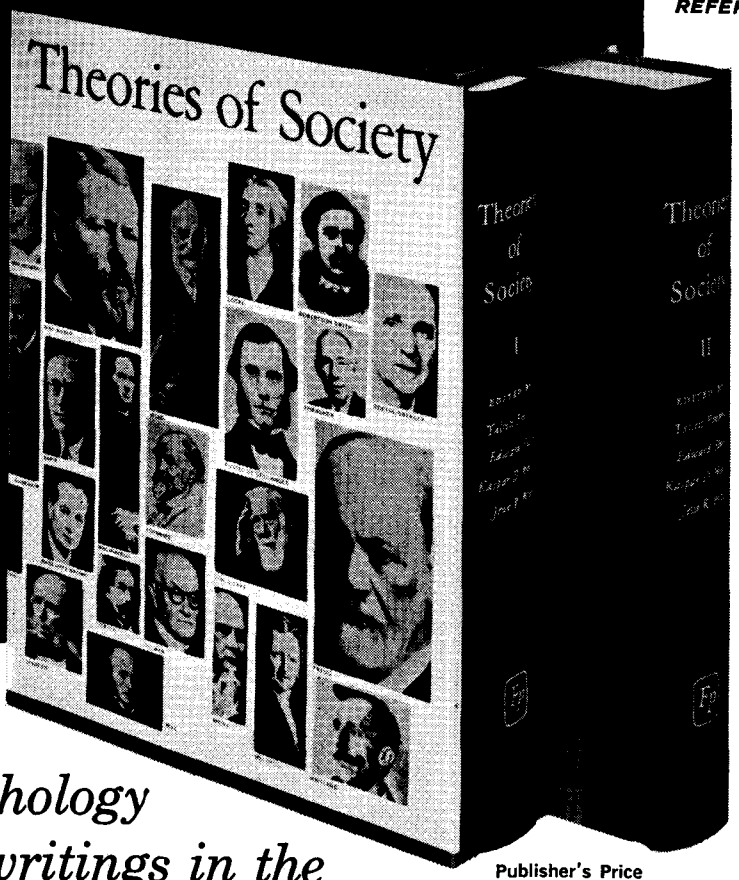

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